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A. KURNHORST.

THE

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WITH PIZARRO

IN

PERU

BY

C. FALKENHORST

[Jezewski, Stanislaus]

ADAPTED BY ÉLISE L. LATHROP

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WITH PIZARRO IN PERU.

I.

WHOEVER wishes nowadays to take a journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean across the isthmus of Panama need make no great preparations. In two hours and a half the railway train will take you from Colon to Panama. The train winds through the mountain range and does not even ascend very perceptibly, for the highest point of the railway lies only eighty metres above the level of the sea. Man has bridged ravines and rushing mountain streams and in this way built a level road.

Parallel with the railway in many places, can be seen the deserted Panama Canal. The civilized world has sacrificed millions to bind together the two oceans, but nature has shown herself more powerful in this little strip of land, and opposes to human efforts solid rock, overflows the work

with rushing mountain streams, causes poisonous, pestilential vapors to arise from the valleys, and the canal diggers are forced to give way before her.

Yes, it is wild, this isthmus of Panama, and if we wander from the road built with such difficulty, and climb the mountains—the whole range is but ten miles wide—we soon find ourselves in forests which are everywhere so dense that only a faint light penetrating through the thick foliage proclaims to us that it is still day. The first European to penetrate these woods was the Spanish explorer and conqueror Nuñez Balboa. At the head of a hundred and ninety Spaniards and a number of bloodhounds, accompanied as well by nine hundred Indians, he climbed the forest-covered mountain range, here about 2,000 feet above the sea level, and by hidden paths through the woods reached the longed-for summit, from which his delighted eyes gazed for the first time over the immense mirror-like surface of the Pacific Ocean. And on the 29th of September, 1513, waving the flag of Castile, he sprang knee-deep into the salt flood and took possession of the newly discovered sea and all the shores which it washed, from the north pole to the south pole, in the name of the king of Spain.

The Spaniards not only found along the shore valuable pearls, but received still more valuable information. There they stood around their copper-colored leader and listened to his vague account of a land far to the south, where there was an abundance of gold, and saw a strange likeness of an animal, fashioned in clay, which resembled partly a camel, partly a sheep, the first image of a llama, of which the ruler of that distant country possessed whole herds. Among the listeners stood a Spanish soldier who could neither read nor write, but whose nature was most courageous and his heart filled with a longing for gold and ambition for fame. He resolved to continue the work of his leader; he found adventurers who joined him, he fought his way for an entire year along the coast to the south, defied storm, hunger, and Indian arrows, until he reached the harbor of the most powerful old American kingdom. With foolhardy courage, at the head of his weak force he penetrated into the interior of the land, into the very camp of the Inca or emperor of Peru, and took the ruler captive by treachery, subjugated the country, plundered it, and gave it up as prey to the rapacity of Spanish adventurers.

Pizarro's booty was so great that it threw that of all his predecessors into the shade. No won-

der that numbers of the settlers of the Spanish colonies flocked to the gold land of Peru, and bold adventurers came from the mother-country also. Then the road which Balboa had made was much travelled over, and a brisk trade was done in the city of Panama, which sprung up on the coast of the Pacific.

About the year 1540 a little band of adventurers marched along the forest road across the isthmus. Bearded soldiers, accompanied by their blood-hounds, veterans who had fought under Cortez, Alvarado, and other heroes of the conquest—thus were the conquerors of the New World styled—farm hands from the colonies of the Antilles, among whom were also some Spanish women and youths who thirsted for adventure, and like moths around a light, flocked to the wonderful New World, dazzled by the glowing, brilliant descriptions they heard—young adventurers who did not know where they were going, or what they would begin, who thought now of the ploughshare, now of the sharp sword. They might dream now and hope for a brilliant future, for at that time young, fresh strength was needed in the New World, and the wealthier settlers as well as the bearded soldiers sought to win the young people; all promised them mountains of gold.

The little band halted in a clearing in the forest. There one could survey the company as they emerged from the gloomy woods along the path, and proceeded to camp. Each Spaniard had his Indian to carry his luggage. There were no wagons, for on these roads none could pass, but the Spanish women did not fare badly, servants and slaves could so easily be procured here. With the loud confusion of human voices mingled the lowing of cattle and the neighing of the horses, several sheep bleated, and the grunting of swine could also be heard. All these animals were being taken to the new colonies; they were Europe's return gifts for the glittering gold. The gay troop gradually settled about the camp, and one could soon distinguish the single groups; the most distinguished occupied nearly half of the camping ground, the most horses and cattle belonged to this group, and also the most Indian slaves were clustered near by. The leader of this caravan was a gray-bearded soldier, Pedro Alcan, one of Pizarro's oldest companions, one of the celebrated thirteen who, in the utmost want before Peru was reached, alone clung to their leader. All the cattle and the various European wares, of which tools of steel and iron formed the most valuable part, Alcan, after having purchased them in the Antilles, according

to Pizarro's directions, was taking to Panama, in order there to ship them to Peru. In a journey through this primeval forest affairs did not run so very smoothly, and this Pedro Alcan now learned. One of his Spanish riders, who had been attacked by fever on the coast, had been thrown from his horse and so severely injured by this fall that several Indians were forced to carry him in a hammock. Pedro Alcan was disheartened by this accident; he was not only sorry for the man, but anxious for the horse, because in this part of America at that time horses were more valuable even than men to the leaders, as war-horses could only be imported at great cost and trouble from Europe. The Spanish soldiers of Alcan's band were already mounted, and the Indians did not understand the management of horses. Alcan was perplexed.

While he was considering what he should do, and had turned away from the injured man's bed, his eyes chanced to rest upon a young Spaniard who was leaning against a tree and watching the gay camp scene.

Alcan was already acquainted with this fellow-traveller, who wore a sword at his side, carried but a small bundle, and was not waited upon by a single Indian servant. He knew that the young

man was the son of an *hidalgo*, one of those Spanish country nobles who have little land and less money, but great pride. He had left Spain to seek an uncle in Panama, and was, therefore, untroubled about his future.

"Good-evening, Señor de Calabrera," said Alcan, addressing him. "You are an excellent pedestrian; all honor to your marching; but it surely would not be disagreeable to you to travel the rest of the way on horseback. How do you like the chestnut yonder? You were scrutinizing him with the eye of a connoisseur."

Amador de Calabrera, who had no suspicions of Alcan's embarrassment, misunderstood this speech. He frowned, reflected for but an instant, and then replied sharply: "The animal has soft hoofs, Mr. Alcan. The stony ground of Peru will be ill suited to them. I feel more at ease as regards the swine lying there, they will fall into good hands. They understand these animals in Peru."

Now it was Pedro Alcan's turn to frown—yes, he fairly started, and his right hand grasped his sword-handle. Alcan knew very well what the young Amador meant. Pizarro, the present viceroy of Peru, had tended swine in his youth, and was, therefore, mockingly termed by his enemies and enviers *Porquero*, or the swineherd.

Amador de Calabrera seemed to find satisfaction in the old soldier's anger: he did not place himself on the defensive, only crossed his arms on his breast and gazed at Alcan triumphantly. At this moment Amador was a splendid-looking fellow. His hat was pushed far back on his head, and from beneath it the rich brown hair hung over his white forehead. His clear brown eyes sparkled gayly, and his red lips wore a saucy smile beneath the slight dark mustache. Owing to the heat, Amador had unbuttoned the top buttons of his shirt, and Alcan could see that this firm head surmounted a firm neck and broad, powerful chest. The anger gradually vanished from Alcan's eyes; he gazed with satisfaction at the young man, who was strong but not stout, powerful and yet supple.

"If he had blond hair," Alcan thought to himself, "I would take him for the hero Alvarado, whom in his youth the Mexicans called *Tonatiuh*, or the sun. Ah, we are all children of the sun in the eyes of the Indians. The Peruvians call us *viracocha*—but one would seek in vain in the whole army of Pizarro for such a true *viracocha*. I certainly must bring this Mars and Apollo in one person to the City of Kings in Peru!"

Slowly his hand slipped from his sword-hilt,

and as he drew nearer, he said: "Do not trouble yourself about the chestnut, Señor de Calabrera, the swineherds and conquerors of Peru know how to protect soft hoofs from stony ground. When we rode from Pachacamac over the rocky and snowy pass of the Cordilleras, to put down the Indian insurrection in the capital, our horses lost their shoes. We knew what to do: shoes were made of gold and silver, and gold and silver shod our squadron crossed the mountains to rush down upon the enemy. Tell me, what king or emperor in the world has commanded such a squadron? But this aside. It is not the custom of fine *hijos hidalgos* to give a rough answer to friendly questions. My soldier who rode the chestnut horse is ill, and I am seriously looking for a man who will oblige me by riding the animal to Panama. What do you say to it now, Señor de Calabrera?"

"Oh, if the matter stands thus," replied Amador, flushing slightly, "then I must tell you, sir captain, that I know no king or emperor whose soldiers ride gold-shod chargers: but less for that reason than in admiration of the great victories of the Spaniards in the distant fairy-land of gold, I remove my hat to the chivalrous and famous viceroy of Peru." He did in fact remove his hat, and Alcan returned the courtesy, adding with a

smile, "You would be more astonished were you to see Peru, with its fortifications, temples, and palaces, its fields and gardens, its smiling valleys and glittering snow-crowned mountains, its pretty maidens and bravely caparisoned warriors. But of that later; may I ask you how the chestnut pleases you now?"

"Excellently, sir captain," replied Amador, "and you may be sure that he will be well cared for; for, look you, as the money did not hold out for my studies in medicine, I have helped my father on the estate."

"Then you are my man, Señor de Calabrera," said Alcan, giving Amador his hand. "I beg you to come to my camp. You will be treated as a guest."

"Make no ceremony, captain," replied Amador. "I will willingly submit to discipline, and from here to Panama be nothing more than a brave cavalryman."

Both now went up to the chestnut, which had been the cause of their nearer acquaintanceship.

Alcan smiled contentedly. "Until Panama?" he murmured to himself. "No, noble Amador, our hearts went out to each other, that was the true ring. You will not plant sugar-cane in Pan-

ama, no; you will help Pizarro in Peru to overthrow his malicious enemies!"

Dark night has settled down over the tropical forest. The gay-plumaged birds and the shimmering swarm of insects, who are accustomed to rejoice in their existence in the sunlight among bright-colored flowers, have retired to rest. From deep hiding-places, from the dark recesses under the mouldering tree-trunks and the thick ferns, creeps the gray swarm of the night. Invisible moths and dark beetles emerge from the cavities in the branches of the rotten trees, from rocky hollows noiselessly the night birds fly up, and the bats flutter around; a new life, as different as possible from that of the day, begins in the primeval forest, and innumerable bright insects, flies, and beetles illuminate the gloomy scenery.

In the camp of the colonists the night had effected a change. The weary servants slept in long rows, in tents made of twigs and leaves slumbered the Spanish women who were to found a new home in the distant New World. The colonists also slept who were to win the fruit of America's soil by the sweat of their brow; they slept calmly, for Alcan, the gray-bearded soldier, had placed sentinels on guard, so they were safe from any at-

tack of the wild Indians who still lived unrestrained in the distant valleys of these wild mountains, according to the habits of their fathers, and whose hearts were filled with the most passionate hatred of the strange oppressors.

But it is not nearly midnight. Darkness comes on so quickly in these countries. The night lasts almost twelve hours.

A huge camp-fire burns in front of Alcan's tent close beside it he and several Spaniards are reclining. Pizarro's old comrade does not leave his guests with dry throats. See what luxury! He hands round a goblet filled with wine. It is Spanish wine which he has bought for a large sum in the Antilles. But the old soldier does not spare it; he wishes to enjoy himself, and is generous. He drinks often so that his throat will not become dry from his fluent speech.

All the men who sit near him are new arrivals upon America's soil. They had left Spain but a few months before, or had lived until then on the miserable Antilles. None of them had fought under Cortez' renowned banner, none of them had seen the wonders of Peru, none had a clear idea of the true splendor and astonishing civilization which America concealed in her interior. All those who had sailed over the ocean had but

a vague idea of the Inca and Pizarro's heroic deeds.

At that time there were no books in which the history of Peru could be learned as fully as at the present time, and the press which spreads the news of new discoveries to the most distant villages was then unknown. The printed accounts of the great discoveries were only seen by a few scholars; the great masses knew merely what passed from mouth to mouth, and gossip is never faithful, never reliable; she exaggerates or depreciates, one can never trust or believe her.

But here at the camp-fire sat one who, if he could have written, could have left the truest history of the conquest of Peru; one who had been present throughout the entire campaign. No wonder, therefore, that on this night the ears of all were attentive to Alcan's words and their eyes fixed immovably upon him; no wonder that Amador listened with beating heart to the old soldier's story, that he passed the goblet of fiery Spanish wine on to his neighbor without raising it to his lips—he was carried away by the words of the narrator, which fired his soul.

"You wish to know how we took the Inca Atahualpa captive?" said Alcan. "Good, I will tell you."

"Imagine a city as large as Sevilla. Into this city, Caxamarca by name, we marched. Not a soul was to be seen in it, it lay there as if dead, and the Inca camped with his army many thousand strong before it. We took possession of a palace which we changed into a fortress, and Pizarro began to treat with the Inca. At length an interview was agreed upon to take place in the courtyard of the palace. We knew what we were to do. Would the heathen recognize the dominion of the Spaniards voluntarily? No, he must be taken prisoner. We divided ourselves among the rooms of the palace, ready for fight, and were strictly commanded not to burst out until we heard the cry 'Santiago!' and the thunder of firing.

"I stood at the door, and through the crack I could see what went on outside. The Inca left his camp at the head of a regular procession. At both sides of the street the warriors formed a hedge, and about three hundred gayly dressed servants carefully removed all dust, stones, and blades of grass from the road. Then came divisions of men clad in red and white checked garments, who danced the merriest dances and sang gay songs. If they had but known to what feast they went!

"After them came the imperial body-guard with

rich gold ornaments and splendid feather trappings, a troop which would have honored even a Christian ruler. In their midst, the Inca was borne in a magnificent arm-chair. He sat on a golden chair, his feet rested on a huge golden plate, his garments were fine as silk, he wore a quantity of gold ornaments and a chain of sparkling jewels, while on his head was a red woollen turban with a tassel, the imperial crown of the Inca. High dignitaries followed him, and five thousand warriors completed the procession.

"We burned with impatience, for the procession advanced at a snail's pace, and to our astonishment the Indians prepared to camp before the city. Then Pizarro requested the Inca to come into the city before sunset and dine with him that evening.

"He consented, and to prove how peaceably disposed he was, he commanded his soldiers to lay down their arms before the city. We breathed more freely, for this made our victory more sure.

"At length the square before our palace was filled with unarmed soldiers; five thousand men stood crowded together and surrounded their emperor with a living wall. Not a Spaniard was visible, and the Inca looked about him in astonishment. Then our priest, Father Valverde, came out, his breviary in his hand, and made a speech to

the Inca, telling him that the Holy Father in Rome had given these lands to the King of Spain, and that the Inca from now on must consider himself the vassal of Spain, and to assure the safety of his soul must abjure his idols and accept Christianity. This did not please the emperor, for he was rude enough to ask who gave the Spaniards such power, and who had told the pope that the Christian religion was the only true belief. The father handed him the Gospel and said: 'It is written in this holy book.' But the heathen only glanced at the pages, and threw the book disrespectfully to the ground, while he answered the father roughly. Then I heard the father cry out in righteous indignation: 'The Gospel thrown to the ground: revenge this, Christians, revenge this upon these heathen!'

"And at this exclamation Pizarro appeared, accompanied by four soldiers, drew his sword, and with furious blows cut his way through to the Inca, seized the heathen by the left arm, and thundered out our war-cry, 'Santiago!' And as if by magic the scene changed. The ringing call of trumpets, the discharge of muskets and cannon, shook the air; the cavalry burst through on their horses hung with bells, and hewed down the heathen; the infantry followed them.

The weaponless Indians could protect their emperor solely by crowding between him and the Spaniards, so that only after a fearful massacre could Pizarro succeed in dragging the Inca down from his chair. Not until they saw their leader fall, did the other Indians take to flight. We followed them to their camp before the city, and slew in that one day about two thousand. Atahualpa had brought thirty thousand warriors with him; we numbered but one hundred and eighty, and escaped without loss, one horse only being slightly wounded."

"Oh!" cried Amador suddenly; "but they were thirty thousand wretched cowards. I imagined the Peruvians were of a different character."

"They are not cowardly," replied Alcan, "but they obey their emperor blindly, and as he commanded them upon entering the city not to attack the Spaniards, even if they should be attacked, they dared not raise their hands against us."

"And they were men?" cried Amador in astonishment. "Why, they were mere machines!"

"Yes, Peru is a strange land," continued Alcan. "As everything about it seems incomprehensible, just so remarkable is the obedience which the natives show to their prince. They filled a huge room with gold for us because the captive com-

manded it. They give their emperor everything, their gold, their property, their children, themselves even if he desires it."

"That must be a condition of affairs such as exists in Turkey!"

"Not at all! I believe the country is wealthier than Spain. It has large cities, well built fortresses, it has high-roads—a thousand times better than ours in Spain; inns are situated along the roads for travellers, magnificent storehouses filled with grain, and supply stations for the troops. The people do not go about naked, but wear finely woven clothes; hunger is unknown there, so abundant are the crops, and I have never seen a beggar, for every one must work for the state, and receives a living from the state. The temples are magnificent, the palaces of the princes and nobles are built with broad halls, they have pleasure gardens, with fountains, surrounded with all kinds of figures of solid gold and silver. Ah, there no Spaniard need build with great trouble and labor miserable block houses, as here on this wretched isthmus of Panama; there he finds a warm nest all prepared, in which he need only sit himself down. He also finds beautiful princesses there, whom he can marry when they are converted to Christianity, for the people of Peru are of excellent morals, they

are well behaved and even cultivated. Such arts as reading and writing are indeed unknown there, but these are not necessary for civilization, as Peru best proves to us. It is a rich, a blessed country, and whoever says that there is nothing more to be gotten from Peru, that we have already plundered it of everything, is a contemptible liar. Oh, there is yet so much gold hidden in Peru that we would not be able to carry it away if we had it. But we will soon have it, for gradually the Indians betray the secret cavities in which they have hidden the gold; and then the mountains of Peru are full of it, one need only take the trouble to melt it. And how much else does the land offer! Everything that you can ask. For when you stand upon the coast, with one glance you take in all the zones of the earth; below, the torrid zone, with its proud palms and fragrant flowers and fruits; high above, perpetual ice and snow as at the north pole, and in between all the hardy plants of the temperate zone. Fields, meadows, forests, all that is to be desired does one find there. And the best of all is that one need not work himself, for the natives are accustomed from early times to work, and are willing to work for the Spaniards, their new masters."

By such speeches, Alcan whiled away the hours

of the night for his comrades, and when he took leave of them and sought his bed, Amador's thoughts flew over the wide sea to that fairy-land whose wonders seemed inexhaustible to him. Yes, what were the Antilles, this wild Darien, and the desolated Mexico to this land! He had journeyed so far already, why should he not push on further? He fell asleep, and in dreams he wandered through dazzling palaces, through magnificent gardens: saw armed warriors, gold-shod horses, and lovely brown princesses with rare diamonds in their raven-black hair. How disappointed he was when he awoke, and in the gray dawn discovered the gloomy forest, and overhead a dull gray sky covered with cold, wet fog!

Silently he rode his chestnut horse this day, and when toward noon, from the top of the range, he had a view over the wide green wilderness, and in the far distance the shimmer of the smooth surface of the Pacific Ocean, a deep longing filled his heart, and his heated imagination conjured up mountains covered with glittering snow along the edge of the horizon, shady groves at their feet, and concealed among them magic castles with brown knights and ladies.

Alcan rode near the young man. Oh, he had already perceived that his tales had kindled the

young heart; he spoke to him, he continued his fascinating accounts, and under the influence of the bearded soldier Amador's will grew soft as wax. He let himself be influenced, guided.

On the next day he rode the horse, but he wore a shining new armor, which Alcan had given him as recruiting money, from his supplies. The young man's heart beat stormily against the hard mail, and he raised his head proudly. Yes, he was a brave cavalryman, out and out a cavalryman, and said as much to Alcan.

"And for how long? Until we reach Panama?"

"Oh, no, Captain Alcan, to the end of the world if you will; to the cool, quiet grave!" cried young Amador enthusiastically.

Proudly he rode into Panama on his tall charger, greeted his relatives hastily and superficially, and embarked upon the ship lying in wait, to sail for the south—as Pizarro's soldier.

II.

How beautiful is the dream, how hard and cruel the reality! The youth dreams, and through his disappointments matures to a man. It was so with Amador in Peru. He had dreamed of a Paradise, and he awoke in hell; for a gloomy, blood-stained hell, filled with the screams of unfortunate people, was lovely Peru at that time. A true torture chamber, for here white devils in the form of men tortured a poor innocent people.

Amador de Calabrera was the younger son of a poor but proud Spanish nobleman. The small property would barely suffice for his elder brothers, and so he had left his home to seek his fortune in the New World. The wildest rumors of the wealth of this gold land, this Peru, reached the old country, and to these rumors had in Amador's case been added old Alcan's vivid descriptions, his exciting stories. Amador had fancied a life of the wildest adventure would be his in *Peru,* a life of bold, brave deeds, and that a large

fortune would be easily acquired. The dark side of this life had not been presented to him; he had, in fact, no idea that there was a dark side. Never had he dreamed of the cruelty, the treachery, practised upon this unfortunate Indian people.

It was some months before he learned of the treacherous manner in which the Inca Atahualpa had been put to death. After having collected from his people the enormous ransom demanded, a sum almost equivalent to fifteen millions of dollars, this unfortunate Inca had nevertheless been detained prisoner upon one pretext and another, only finally to be put to death.

And yet there was perhaps retributive justice in this act, justice ignorantly rendered through Spanish hands, for this Atahualpa was but an usurper. His father's favorite, he had taken the place rightly belonging to his half brother, Huascar, and had, even while a prisoner, caused his murder.

When Amador arrived in Cuzco, with Alcan's little band Atahualpa's successor and brother had been dead for several years, and Manco, the lawful Inca, reigned, if reign it could be called. The subjugated ruler had, however, made one desperate attempt to free his people from the hated Spanish yoke, and, leaving some of

the highest Peruvian dignitaries, among them his favorite sister Aclia, to serve as a blind to his real intentions, he had left Cuzco. Once outside the city, his purposes had become only too evident. He had excited his people to revolt, and many and fierce had been the conflicts. At length, however, he had been driven back gradually, and had now taken refuge in a rocky mountainous region, practically inaccessible, and the Spaniards were for the time baffled.

Added to these Indian troubles was a fresh horror; the conquerors attacked each other. The long-standing feud between Almagro and Pizarro had burst out afresh. They were rivals in every sense of the word, and for a time a fierce civil war raged in the young colony. This lasted for several years, but finally seemed to be subdued; then in the year 1538 Pizarro obtained the upper hand, and ordered Almagro's execution. This bold act did for a brief space check the civil conflict, but the feeling of rage and longing for vengeance smouldered in the hearts of all the former followers of Almagro, who had been idolized by these followers on account of his generous lavish nature.

During all this time the new Indian ruler, Inca Manco, had not been inactive in his rocky fortress. Headed by one or another brave young Indian

warrior, small detachments of natives had swooped down like eagles from their lofty eyries upon the small Spanish settlements, and had often effected a decisive victory, as their attacks were sudden and unsuspected.

Having disposed once and for all of his rival Almagro, Pizarro now resolved to conquer Inca Manco. He fancied that when once the Spaniards' thoughts were fully occupied with their Indian enemies, the party strife would cease, and Almagro's friends become reconciled to his rule. How greatly he deceived himself in this, remains to be shown. A campaign in the impassable ravines of the Andes was not to be thought of; the eagle was secure from attack in his lofty eyrie. Pizarro, therefore, resolved to render him harmless in another way. Upon the plateaus of Peru near the enemy, he founded a line of military settlements. The Spaniards who removed to them were to carry on farming, but be always ready for battle. They lived in forts and well-fortified villages, ready at any moment to go out to battle should the enemy draw near.

This plan of Pizarro proved successful; war with the troops of Inca Manco was confined solely to the plateaus now, and here too the Spanish science of war was so superior to the Indian methods

that the natives attacked the settlements less and less frequently, and cooled their revenge solely by attacking little detachments of Spaniards travelling through the mountain passes.

Such were the troubled times when Amador de Calabrera arrived in Peru. As has been said, the son of a proud but penniless grandee, Amador had come to the New World to seek his fortune, but it seemed scarcely probable that he would make it here in this wealthy country of the Incas. The methods practised by his companions in arms were abhorrent to him. The greater part of these did not hesitate to extort gold, silver or pearls from the Indians by any means, fair or foul, or even openly to rob and plunder. Few of the more distinguished Indians, the dignitaries of the land, remained in the part of the country inhabited by the Spaniards, these few being those who had remained upon Inca Manco's orders, when he left Cuzco. Among these the Princess Aclia was the most interesting. Several times had she tried to escape and join her brother; once her effort had almost succeeded.

This was just before Amador's arrival in the city of Cuzco.

Amador had been greatly struck with the magnificence of this city, and as his time was almost

entirely his own, he spent the greater part of the day in wandering about and exploring it. He was often accompanied upon these walks by another young Spaniard, Leon de Gamba by name.

The latter having been in the city for nearly two years, was well acquainted with it, and he it was who pointed out to Calabrera some of the wonders. He called his attention to the solid beds of masonry over which the two streams which supplied the city with water flowed for some distance before reaching this city. The masonry beds kept the water always clear and clean. To Amador's astonishment he found that almost all the houses were built of stone, and stones of immense size, which were fastened together with cement in such a masterly fashion that the buildings seemed almost as if made of a single stone.

The great Temple of the Sun, although it had been robbed of its chief splendors, was still remarkable, and Leon supplied the missing golden statues and images by vivid descriptions of their magnificence and costliness. Many of the paintings were still uninjured.

But Amador's new acquaintance enlightened him in other ways. He it was who told him of the scenes which had been enacted in this city; and of the dark deeds concerning which Alcan

had been so silent when he talked to Amador during their night camping on the isthmus, or the long journey to Peru.

And it was Leon de Gamba who described to him the charms of Princess Aclia, whom he declared to be the most beautiful maiden he had ever set eyes upon. He told Amador of the repeated attempts made by her, with others of the Indian nobles, to escape.

"About two weeks before you arrived here, señor," said he one day, as they stood in the great Temple of the Sun, wondering and admiring, "she made another desperate attempt to escape, and in fact almost succeeded. Accompanied only by another Indian girl, and a young chief who was to act as guide, she succeeded in getting outside of the city, and had gone some distance into the country, when they were met by a little band of Spanish soldiers, of whom I was one. We had been out on a little hunting expedition. Now three Indians strolling leisurely along, as did these as soon as they perceived us, are no unusual sight, and I doubt if we should have troubled ourselves further concerning them, had not I caught a glimpse of the beautiful Aclia's face. That one glimpse was sufficient; I knew that that beautiful face was none other than that of our fair captive

princess. Resistance on their part was of course useless; we simply brought them back to the city, and the lovely Aclia is kept under a much more strict watch than before."

"Why does not Pizarro allow her to join her brother? Of what use can two or three Indian girls be to his plans? has he not some of the highest dignitaries detained here as hostages?" asked Amador impatiently, for he felt a great sympathy for this beautiful Indian whom he had never seen."

"Why, my dear countryman, Pizarro hopes great things from the detention of this one girl. Have you not been told that she is the Inca's favorite sister? They say the devotion of the two is remarkable. Pizarro really thinks that Inca Manco may yet be brought to surrender and submit to Spanish authority through fear that evil may befall the fair Aclia here at the hands of his enemies. But do not fancy that these captives' lot is such a hard one. They are well treated. Spacious rooms in one of the palaces have been assigned them, they are made comfortable, and as for Aclia herself, she would not be more waited upon were she at her brother's court. The other Indian maidens serve her as attendants, maids of honor as it were, and obey her slightest command. It is remarkable, the abject devotion

of these Peruvians to their Inca and the royal family."

"You have made me quite curious to see this princess," said Amador. "How is it possible to catch a glimpse of her?"

"Oh, you have but to keep your eyes open, and when you see an Indian maiden, tall, slight, and beautiful as a dream, you may know it is she. She is not confined to her palace, she walks about the streets. Besides, she will soon be baptized, I understand, and the ceremony will be a public one."

"Has she been converted to Christianity?" asked Amador in surprise.

"Converted? H'm, I do not know about that, but it is certain she will be baptized, together with her retinue. We do not inquire too closely into the belief of these natives; they are baptized perforce."

It was several days after this conversation that the rite of baptism was administered to Aclia, together with several other Indian maidens, in the little Catholic church, which building had formerly been a temple of one of the lesser deities of the Peruvians, and it was at this ceremony that Amador first saw the fair young princess. The church was filled with spectators, chiefly Span-

iards, although Indians were not lacking, for anything to interrupt the monotony of everyday life in Cuzco was welcome. Of the other Indian maidens, some were reluctant to be baptized, others merely indifferent; but the princess seemed an exception.

The officiating priest was not the wily Valverde, who so willingly lent himself to the treachery and deceit practised upon the unfortunate Indians by Pizarro and his soldiers, but a mild-featured, kindly old man, Father Felipo by name. His was no warlike nature. The sufferings and persecutions of the Indians saddened him beyond measure. He had come to the New World, his heart filled with the hope of converting large numbers of these unfortunates, and of baptizing them, not by force, but at their own expressed desire. His ambition, though so different and so much nobler, was as ardent as that of any soldier or adventurer in Pizarro's band; but how had his hopes been crushed, his plans frustrated! What hope of success was his, in preaching to this tormented people of the God of love, of kindness and mercy, who was yet the God whom these cruel Spaniards, their oppressors, professed to worship?

He had done his duty to the best of his ability; he had, though an old man, struggled with the

difficult Indian language, that he might speak to these poor beings in their own tongue, but his efforts seemed fruitless. He was listened to by the Indians with stolid indifference, wild mockery, or suppressed fury. The Spanish soldiers, whom he exhorted to live after the commands of the Divine gospel, paid little heed to him; even his fellow-priest Valverde treated him with ill-disguised contempt, after having one day tried in a long argument to persuade him that these Indians did not come under the head of fellow-men, that it was lawful and right to plunder and even torture them for the good of the Spanish nation, since these Indians were but heathen and heretics who would not acknowledge the power of the only true church.

When, however, the Indian princess Aclia was pointed out to him, and she was mentioned as one of those to be baptized, some faint glow of his old hopes seemed to flicker in his heart. Could he but bring her to believe in the true God, what influence might she not have over her people! Looked up to as she was, as the daughter of a powerful Inca and the favorite sister of the present emperor, her influence might be great indeed. And this was not all. Her face betokened an unusual amount of intelligence, together with a gen-

tleness of expression. The old priest had many long talks with her. She seemed interested in his words from the first. She did not treat him with the stolid indifference displayed by her companions. She listened intently to his arguments, to his simple accounts of the belief so dear to him.

When finally the appointed day of the baptism arrived, although Aclia could hardly be said to desire to receive this sacrament, yet she certainly seemed willing, and Father Felipo's hopes had risen.

Upon this day, as she stood with her companions before the font, in the little chapel, Amador thought he had never, even among the far-famed beauties of Castile, his native country, seen any to compare with her. Her white robe, simple, and in the fashion of her people, fell in classic folds around a slender, graceful form. Her clear olive skin was smooth as polished ivory, and her cheeks tinged with a faint flush of excitement. Her eyes, large, dark, and lustrous, shaded by long, curling lashes, were raised with a look of awe to the old priest before her, while her slender, beautiful hands were clasped on her bosom.

More than one Spaniard gazed at her in admiration, but she seemed conscious of none of these bold glances. As for Amador, he could not take

his eyes from her. The young fellow, who had been voted cold and unimpressionable by the young Castilian maidens of his home, was bewitched, fascinated by the first sight of a young Indian who had never seen him, and whom he might never address.

The ceremony at an end, she and her companions left the chapel by a side door. They were treated with great respect, and had as yet nothing to complain of except their lack of freedom. Amador too left the building, but he walked as if in a dream among his soldier comrades, and gave such dazed replies to their questions that, after joking him about his absent-mindedness, they finally left him alone.

Some days elapsed, and he had not seen the princess again. He had learned where her palace was situated, and spent many an hour strolling around it, but, even so, he caught not so much as a glimpse of her. But he was destined to make her acquaintance in a most unexpected manner.

Amador de Calabrera had been greatly attracted to the priest, Father Felipo. His mild, gentle face and winning smile had drawn the young man to him, and gradually a warm friendship had sprung up between the two. Amador felt more and more isolated among the Spaniards, his companions in

arms. The talkative de Gamba had gone to a distant Spanish settlement, and among the others there was none with whom Amador cared to become friends except in the barest sense of the word. Time, as has been said, hung heavily on the hands of most of the Spaniards in Cuzco at that time. There had been no battles with the Indians for some weeks, and a few even fancied that the trouble was at an end, and Inca Manco's surrender now a question of days only. He had explored the city quite thoroughly, and, being young and of a social disposition, tired of his solitary walks, and was glad to avail himself of Father Felipo's society.

The two had many long talks together, but the princess' name was seldom mentioned between them, and this was due chiefly to Amador himself. The old priest and Inez, as Aclia was now called, this being the name given her in baptism, were great friends, and many were the long talks they had together. The young Indian felt a great love for the kindly old man, although he was a countryman of the enemies and oppressors of her people. She became deeply interested in the Christian religion, for her own was not of such a totally unreconcilable nature to it. The day at length arrived when Father Felipo could rejoice

that the fair maiden was in reality, as well as appearance, a member of his church. He had confided many of his hopes to Amador, for the priest's position in Cuzco was somewhat similar to the young soldier's. Both felt themselves isolated from their other countrymen, whose aims were so different from theirs, and this feeling had helped to draw them nearer together than might have otherwise been the case. It was to Amador that the old priest poured out his thankful joy when he knew that his efforts had been crowned with success, his prayers granted, and the princess was indeed a Christian. He hoped much from her influence over her people. Amador listened to him attentively; his calmness was indeed only feigned, and he delighted to hear everything the priest told him about his unknown inamorata; but he never questioned the father about her except in the most casual manner, and his behavior was such that the priest never suspected that he felt anything but the most careless interest in his fair *protégée.*

Meanwhile, Inez, as well as several other high-born Indian maidens, had expressed a desire to learn the Spanish language. Whether in most cases from mere lack of occupation, or because they were not insensible to the admiration of some

of the young Spanish soldiers, who could carry on no conversation with them except by their looks and glances, being as ignorant of the Peruvian as the fair Indians were of the Spanish language, need not be inquired into. In Inez' case it was a thirst for knowledge, perhaps mingled with curiosity.

Inez communicated her and her companions' desire to her friend the priest. He encouraged her in her wish, and offered to secure a teacher. His choice fell upon Amador.

Need it be said that Amador accepted this position most joyfully? It was hard for him to conceal his delight from the unsuspecting father. Would he not now meet the fair maiden upon whom his thoughts had dwelt so continually since that day in the church? Meet her face to face, speak to her, perhaps even press her hand, as he listened to her replies in a soft, musical voice, for surely no other could belong to such a lovely being? His impatience was such that the hours which must elapse before the first lesson, fixed for the following afternoon, seemed interminable.

Father Felipo's choice of Amador as tutor of the Spanish language excited no envy among his comrades. They had not come to the New World to give lessons in Spanish; that could have been

done at home. They had come for gold. No little ridicule fell to Amador's share when his new occupation became generally known, but he cared little for this.

The lessons became a source of pleasure to both teacher and pupils. At the first lesson, so nervous was he when actually brought into the presence of the object of his dreams, that it was only with a great effort that he controlled himself sufficiently to appear tolerably calm and get through the lesson. But in time this nervousness left him. Close acquaintance, however, but added fuel to the flame of his love for Inez, for into love had his imaginative infatuation ripened. Inez, too, soon came to look forward to the lessons. Bright and unusually quick, she acquired the new language with astonishing ease, and learned to read it in an incredibly short time. Amador had attended the famous university of Salamanca, and his mind was well stored with the treasures of his own and other ancient literatures. Many were the talks which Inez and Amador had together, long after the lessons were at an end, the other girls sometimes present listening in evident surprise, and wondering what these two found so interesting in such subjects. Inez told Amador of her people and their history and customs, while Amador gave

vivid descriptions of the Old World wonders. Sometimes they talked of the ancients, the Greeks and Romans, and Inez listened eagerly to his accounts of these wonderful nations, their civilization, their works of art, their literature. Frequently he would recite some fragments of the old poets, pointing out to her the beauties of the verse. But this delightful intercourse was rudely checked. Many of the Spaniards had married Indian maidens, and Amador had hoped in time to win Aclia for his wife, but this hope was frustrated by none other than Pizarro himself. How he learned of Amador's infatuation it is impossible to say, for the latter fancied that none of his comrades even suspected it. No words of love had ever been exchanged between Inez-Aclia and himself, and the whole world might have been present at their interviews, so wholly frank and unloverlike were their conversations. How Pizarro had learned the secret of his heart Amador therefore could not imagine; possibly indeed he only guessed it and scented mischief. Be that as it may, the young man was one day summoned to the viceroy's presence, immediately after his return from one of these lessons which had become so necessary to his happiness.

Having repaired to the viceroy's palace, he was

at once ushered into Pizarro's presence. He was received most cordially by the conqueror, and the conversation, at first general, might have misled any stranger present to fancy this a mere desire on the part of the viceroy to have a pleasant chat with so talented and agreeable a young fellow as his officer Amador de Calabrera. But gradually the conversation was led to the young man himself, his ambition, wishes, etc., and being closely questioned, still in the same pleasant, half careless fashion, he finally revealed his hopes and ended by declaring that he asked nothing more of fortune than to win the Indian maiden Aclia for his bride. But these hopes were ruthlessly shattered by the blunt soldier. Inez or Aclia was his prisoner, held as hostage, and through her he hoped to bring the proud Inca Manco to surrender. Marriage with her now was out of the question. Later, when times became more peaceable, when the Inca was once brought into subjection, all might be different, but at present any such plans must be nipped in the bud. All arguments and protestations on the young man's part were silenced peremptorily, though not without a certain gruff good-nature, by Pizarro, for the viceroy had no wish to win the young soldier's dislike. Any brave, educated man, such as Amador, was

valuable to him in these days of mutiny and revolt; but the end of the matter was that the very next day Amador received orders to set out at once for a certain military station in the province of Huamanca, under pretext that his talents had too long remained unappreciated in the over-filled city; here a place was offered him where he might have a chance to make a name for himself in a less crowded field.

Amador guessed only too readily the reason of these sudden orders, but could do nothing but obey them. He gave his last Spanish lesson, explaining to his pupils that he had been sent away to fill a more important post, and his lessons must cease. Almost all of them expressed regret, for he had won their liking by his pleasant, courteous ways and handsome face, but Inez was no louder in her expression of regret than her companions. There was no time for long talks. It was Inez whose hand he took last, and pressing it raised it to his lips, murmuring a few broken words of regret, with hopes that they might meet again. One long, speaking glance, and she and the others were gone, and Amador made his hasty preparations for departure.

Father Felipo expressed great sorrow at parting from Amador. The good old man looked feeble

and ill. The strange climate and his hard work—for he was tireless in his efforts, and many were the sick he visited—together with his scanty success, were beginning to tell on his strength. He was no longer what he once was, he told Amador; he was a broken-down old man. In vain did the young Spaniard try to cheer him, and hope that they should soon meet again; the old priest shook his head sadly and gave Amador his blessing in a faltering voice.

Altogether it was with a sorrowful heart that Amador set out with three or four other Spaniards and several Indians for the distant settlement whither he had been ordered.

They had heard vague rumors of Indian revolts, but met with no opposition on their long march through a desolate part of the country, and finally arrived safely at their destination.

This military settlement in the province of Huamanca, whither he was ordered, was one of the first and most important of those formed by Pizarro. An enviable prosperity had always prevailed among the Peruvians in this part of the country. The working of the gold and silver mines which were abundant in this neighborhood had indeed been rendered difficult owing to lack of fuel at a convenient distance, for the mines were at

a considerable distance from the wooded mountains. But the soil here was very fertile, and excellently adapted to the culture of the coca plant, whose leaves were chewed by the Indians, they being very nourishing. These leaves contained the anodyne cocoaine, in such extensive use at the present day. In Huamanca three crops of coca were harvested each year, the leaves requiring in summer from thirty to thirty-five, in winter about fifty days for their development. Even in our times an Indian can pick in one day two baskets of coca leaves in this region, each basketful weighing twenty pounds. Upon the cactus plants which grew here in great abundance lived the familiar cochineal insect. The Indians busied themselves industriously in collecting this insect, and preparing the dye which they used to color their finely woven material made from the wool of the vicuña. A third very important product of the country was salt, for here there were not only salt springs, but also immense, inexhaustible beds of salt, which had been mined for ages. Along the well-built roads stretched fields of maize and other grains, which yielded an abundant crop. Formerly there had been herds of tame llamas, but at the time of our story these had long since been exterminated by rapacious Spaniards.

So the Spanish settlers could live here in ease, for they made part of the Indians subservient to them, and lacked but one thing—meat. The Indians of high rank had disappeared from this region; they lived, as has been said, at the court of their Inca in the inaccessible plateaus, and the common people of Peru had never been accustomed to eat meat. Only from time to time they enjoyed a guinea-pig soup, which animal was raised by them as rabbits are with us. But the Spaniards did not learn to like this soup.

The country, however, afforded game for their kitchens. Near the settlements this was scarce, but as one ascended higher into the mountains one reached a zone of dense forests. Here there were different kinds of deer and tapirs, fowls and doves, the flesh of which tasted delicious; further up the mountains lived the wild vicuña, the chamois of the Andes. The Indians, busied with farming, did not, however, understand hunting. The Inca's own hunters had formerly attended to this, but these men, accustomed to a freer life, had disappeared with their ruler from the region.

When the attacks of the Indians became less and less frequent, the Spaniards made hunting excursions into the woods, and among them was Amador de Calabrera.

On these expeditions he became familiar with the magnificent nature of the Cordilleras. It had a great attraction for him. In the forests, between the rocky ravines, on the tall cliffs from which one could catch a glimpse of the snow-covered tops of the mountains, his heart found a beneficent calm. Here he saw no sad scenes of rapine and oppression such as he must witness in the settlements. The Spaniards still searched for gold. Every Indian, in their eyes, knew of some secret hiding-place, for the report was circulated that the Incas had not surrendered their greatest treasures to the Spaniards, but had hidden them in caves in the mountains. Amador de Calabrera was doubtless one of the bravest of Pizarro's soldiers, but avarice was unknown to his nature. In these campaigns he had often seen that gold brought the conquerors no happiness. Scarcely had it been extorted, by the worst means, than it changed masters. The soldier gambled away his share in a single night, and the winner gloried over him the next day. Gold alone cannot establish a man's happiness, true happiness can be attained only by an industrious and upright life; and were there not a thousand opportunities to lead such a life? Could one not graft upon the remarkably high civilization of the Peruvians the branch of

Christianity, and thus assure to this gifted people peaceable happiness? No one in Huamanca thought of such a thing, for the settlers were robbers and adventurers. They did indeed convert the Indians and baptize them, but this occurred by means of brute force, in masses, while armed soldiers stood drawn up in line before the Indians destined to receive baptism.

With a sore heart, Amador witnessed such scenes, and even worse ones. He saw sons and daughters torn from their parents, and made to serve the Spaniards. This was a harsh slavery.

As he longed to be back in the wilderness, away from these horrible acts, he became a hunter, passing but little time in Huamanca, and dwelling on the mountain top in a simple log hut, a rash procedure at which the other settlers shook their heads; but Amador had a clear conscience, he had injured none of the Indians in the valley, he knew that they considered him a good *viracocha*, viz., a son of the sun, and so he did not fear them.

In the region where he had built his log hut there were no paths leading into the plateaus of Vilcabamba, in which the last Inca resided. An attack upon the Spaniards from this region had never been attempted. Here the chain of the Cordilleras rose in fearfully steep masses against the

blue sky. Only the wild vicuña could here find its way, leaping over ravines; only the proud condor, borne on its massive wings, could fly over these mountains. These mountains formed a barrier which mocked all foolhardy attempts.

On the lower range of this chain of mountains, and at the border of the woods, stood Amador's hut.

It was on a clear May day. Amador had company. The old swordsman Alcan had come from Huamanca to the hunter's hut. He had been made governor of the province Huamanca by Pizarro, and sought to profit by this position.

"You are still young," he frequently remarked to Amador, "the world is still before you. You can cross the Andes and descend into the valley of Marañon and there discover the true Eldorado. I am old, soon I can no longer brandish my sword, and so I must accumulate a little stock of gold for my old age."

Alcan had come to visit Amador as an old friend, or at least he had so stated upon his arrival. But gradually he began to cross-question his friend, so that Amador soon perceived that only a strange curiosity had brought the governor of the province to this wilderness.

"We are old friends," said Alcan, "brothers

at arms, you need have no secrets from me. Your advantage is my advantage and the reverse, dear friend. Pah! you do not sit here like a hermit in this wilderness for the sake of deer. I suspect what your object is, and I am angry with you for having a secret from me."

"You are mistaken, Alcan," replied Amador with a smile. "What other object could I have in these mountains?"

"What other?" said Alcan, half shutting his eyes and stealing a glance at Amador. "Nothing merely trifling, certainly. You are here preparing for a second conquest of Peru, which will far surpass the first in spoils."

Amador laughed aloud.

"I do not understand you, Alcan," he cried. "Do you think that I wish to seek in the woods of Marañon, the Eldorado? Oh, then I should have joined the band which has gone there."

"Exactly, the Eldorado," replied Alcan; "that is what I mean, and what you seek, my dear sly-boots, is much nearer. If we could now climb to the top of that mountain, I wager we could look over beyond that line of rocks, into the valley of Vilcabamba, in which Inca Manco guards like a Cerberus the imperial treasures of Peru."

"Yes, I should like to go there," cried Amador,

laughing loudly; "but you must first show me the way, for I tell you there is *no* path over the mountains."

"Do you think so?" replied Alcan; "and I tell you that there is no mountain in the world over which one cannot climb. Besides the passes to Vilcabamba, which Inca Manco's troops have occupied, there must be others. You surely know that Pizarro had taken captive a young sister of Inca Manco, the beautiful Inez, in the City of the Kings?" * Alcan had been absent from the city during Amador's stay there.

"Oh, I know that," Amador interrupted. "Who could forget the most beautiful and proudest maiden of Peru, when once he had seen her?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Alcan. "You speak very enthusiastically of her. Well, she is no longer at Pizarro's court."

"Indeed! and what has become of her?"

"She has gone! Common Indians helped her to flight. You know that we treated her as a hostage. If Inca Manco would not surrender she was to share the same fate as Inca Manco's young wife. You know, to be bound to a tree, and slowly put to death!"

Amador uttered not a word of reply, but the

* The old name for the present city of Lima.

veins on his forehead swelled with righteous indignation.

"But only think," continued Alcan, "the time set by Pizarro for the Inca has not yet expired, and behold the princess has disappeared from the City of the Kings. The traces lead to Huamanca; but not a soul has seen her here, and, as weeks have elapsed since the flight, she must have reached Vilcabamba by some secret path, and Inca Manca laughs at the viceroy. Ha! you understand me. By a path which a fine princess can travel, we too could enter Vilcabamba, you understand me, so secretly, so unexpectedly."

"Oh, I understand you," replied Amador. "But I must repeat to you that there is no path from here over the Andes. I have not even seen a vicuña come from there. It is useless trouble to search here for a pass."

"Then your behavior is a riddle to me," said Alcan.

"That I believe, my friend," said Amador, "for my behavior will always be a riddle to you. You know that many of the commanders and knights after their return to Europe have written books upon their campaigns and travels in the New World. I too wish to write a book, but not on my deeds and those of the Spaniards, which I have

seen, for that would be a sad history of a bloody civil war. Besides, I came too late to describe the conquest of Peru, so I shall content myself with describing the nature of Peru, the strange mountains and woods, the wonderful animals and birds which dwell in them. Here in this quiet region I can watch them, I know how they build their nests, feed their young, where they seek their food——"

"Amador!" Alcan interrupted him. "Oh, that is wearisome enough to kill one! Pray tell me nothing more of it. My thoughts are in Vilcabamba, and if you can find no way over the mountains, then I am sorry for you."

He rose and called his companions.

"Farewell," he said to Amador. The tone of his voice had suddenly become cool. He was firmly convinced that Amador had a secret, and he went away offended, but secretly vowed that sooner or later he would discover this secret.

III.

AMADOR did indeed know of no pass over the mountains, nor had he, up to this time, felt the slightest desire to find one.

"Of what use would it be?" he asked himself, after Alcan had gone away. "The Spaniards would enter Vilcabamba by any such new way, and would ruin the distant valley. Then fresh scenes of robbery and bloodshed would occur in this peaceful vale. Fresh persecutions of this already so sorely tried people would be instituted." No, he cherished no secret plans for further conquests, his nature was not filled with the thirst for greed, he cared not for the treasures of the Incas.

But when Alcan had disappeared with his companions among the tall trees of the thick forest, Amador noticed that he had become uneasy. His eyes now wandered to the chain of high mountains, and his thoughts flew to Vilcabamba. Could she really be there, with her brother, the proud

beautiful Inez? or was she hiding like a hunted doe in the valleys of Huamanca, perchance crouching in some dense thicket of these vast forests, seeking in vain for a favorable opportunity to escape her pursuers?

He found, somewhat to his surprise, that he could think of nothing but her. Although by no means forgetting her, of late his intercourse with her in the city of Cuzco had come to seem to him a vague, beautiful dream. Some months had elapsed since his hopes had been so rudely shattered and he had been ordered to Huamanca. Gradually he had almost lost all hope. What prospect was there that Inca Manco would soon surrender to the authority of the hated Spaniards?

But Alcan's words had revived all these memories. He could think of nothing but Aclia, or Inez. Aclia fleeing for her life from Pizarro and his cruel soldiers. Aclia striving hopelessly, vainly, as it seemed, to escape the fate of her young sister-in-law. His blood boiled at the very idea, and then his indignation yielded to softer thoughts.

Was it a mere fancy, or had her hand trembled as he held it clasped in his own at their parting? Had a tear sparkled in her clear eye? Ah, that was but a passing emotion! at the same moment

the Indian girl had overcome it, and had stood before him proud and dignified, as was proper in the sister of the Inca. He had no assurance that she returned his love, no words of love had been exchanged between them, and yet something had seemed to tell him that she cared for him in return. Aside from his feeling for her, she would have been to any teacher the most interesting of the small group of pupils; her mind was so clear, so keen and capable of cultivation. And it was this lovely creature, this fair, innocent maiden whom that bandit of a Pizarro wished to have tortured to a disgraceful death! Ah, he had done wisely, indeed, to send Amador far away to this distant province! Well he knew that Amador de Calabrera would protest with the last drop of his blood against such an outrage.

But had she no one to protect her against this scoundrel? Where was Father Felipo?

Where was he indeed? Amador had not heard of this good old man's death, which had occurred some three weeks after the former's departure. With his death, Aelia's only friend among the Spaniards was removed, the only one who perhaps might have prevented Pizarro's cruel plans. But although ignorant of this, upon one thing Amador was firmly resolved. Inez should not fall into

Pizarro's hands if he could prevent it. The thought of the frightful fate awaiting her, should she be recaptured, made his heart ache.

No, friend Alcan, there is no pass here through the Cordilleras, and had Amador known of one, he would now have betrayed it to no Spaniard. Alcan had sown a whirlwind in Amador's heart by his account of the beautiful Inez-Aclia's flight. Her uncertain fate tormented him as though his own safety were at stake. He had no rest. The form of the Indian girl floated before his eyes and followed him in all his pursuits. He saw her beautiful face, unusually fair for her race, with her large, soft, dark eyes, veiled by their long lashes, her regular features, her luxuriant, silky hair floating around her graceful form, so slender and lithe. Ah, to know her safe from these brutish Spaniards! Could he but climb these lofty mountains, and catch a glimpse of her new home!

Strange! Amador now sought with the greatest eagerness a path over the mountains. In the log house he had two Indian servants; formerly they had accompanied him on his expeditions; now he almost always left them at home, and went on his searches for the pass accompanied only by his faithful dog Stutt.

At that time Alpine excursions were unknown

in Europe, and Amador was not familiar with all the means for rendering comparatively easy the ascent of steep mountains. Celebrated climbers travel in parties of two or three at least. One helps the others. But Amador could have no companions. The secret of his heart was connected with the finding of this path, and he would have no confidants.

Two weeks had already passed since that visit of Alcan, two weeks of arduous, superhuman labor, but Amador could not pride himself upon the slightest success. But yet he had finally discovered something. It was no path, but a roomy cave, which afforded protection from wind and storm. Within this cave a spring issued from the ground and lost itself further on, among the dark passages. This spring supplied excellent drinking water. All this was of the greatest importance for Amador's undertaking.

Climbing high mountains is no pleasure-walk which can be accomplished in one day; it is a work which often lasts for days, and the mountain climber must, therefore, camp in the mountains at night, so that at break of day he may push on.

Amador too must do this, and the cave offered him an excellent resting-place. Here, protected from wind and storm, he could pass the nights,

and could begin his further investigations early in the morning.

He immediately set about making his cave, as he called it, comfortable. Each day he dragged some provisions there, brought a few warm Indian blankets, wood from the neighboring slopes, two pots in which water could be boiled. He formed a simple hearth from stones, and thus made his bivouac comfortable. At first he returned each night to his log hut. But one day he sent the two Indians with game, birds' feathers, and skins to the capital of Huamanca, some two days' journey distant, gave them all kinds of written commissions which would detain them in the city for several days, and when the servants had disappeared into the woods, he set out at a rapid pace, accompanied by his faithful Stutt, for the cave in the mountains, to pass the night there and early in the morning of the next day begin his dangerous search.

To-day we are familiar with all the dangers which threaten the mountain wanderer. He may fall and die during the fall; he may be hurled with broken limbs to a spot where he must lie starving and freezing to death; he may fall into the crevasse of a glacier without receiving injuries, and yet not be able to leave this icy grave,

then freeze to death before he has had time to starve; he may crash through snow which has formed a bridge over a crack in the ice, and then suffocate between the icy walls; or again, surrounded by a thick fog, he may lose his way, and having exhausted his strength in his long wanderings, be forced to lie down and die; he may lose his footing, or be wounded by a falling stone. But, as we have said, mountain climbing was unknown to Europeans then, and Amador had no suspicion of the fearful dangers which threatened him.

He was soon to become familiar with them. On the very first day he received a warning. He had found a natural path leading up the mountain. He followed it with a happy heart, when suddenly, after climbing for hours, the path stopped at the edge of a precipice. Resting on his iron-tipped stick, Amador bent forward and gazed down into the depths; he started back in horror, and almost lost his balance, for there, two hundred feet below him, a human skeleton was being blanched by the sun upon a rocky ledge.

So there had been men before him who had here sought a path, and had paid with their lives for their foolhardy undertaking.

He went back with gloomy heart, everywhere

taking an observation, and imprinting the forms of mountains deep upon his memory. All these summits, cliffs, ravines were for him of the greatest importance. Up to the present time there is no map of that part of the Andes, and Amador must observe closely, notice every rock, so that he might find his way in this labyrinth.

To these difficulties were added, on the following day, others sent down by the skies. Early in the morning he saw in the distance thick clouds resting on the mountains, and heard the thunder rumble. In the evening the sky was pierced by the vivid lightning, which lit up with a ghostly radiance the masses of mountains. Then in the night the weather changed, a fearful hail-storm came up, the path-finder in the Andes was forced to remain in his cave.

What should he do? The day was long, his view obstructed by the mist and storm. He was a prisoner in the cave, and began to explore his prison.

There were niches and passages, but in the dim light he could see nothing plainly, and it was dangerous to proceed at random, for might not some one of these passages end in an abyss? Had not a kind Providence given him one warning already by that skeleton?

Amador ceased his investigations. He seated himself resignedly, and listened to the howling of the storm; he wrapped himself in his blankets and thought of Vilcabamba where dwelt the last Inca.

He thought much of the beautiful Inez, but the hours passed very slowly. The cold increased, and curiosity incited him to discover whither the gloomy passages led.

He rose, kindled a fire, and took a burning torch of wood. He entered one of the passages, and lo and behold! he found a small purse lying on the ground. He picked it up in astonishment, and hurried with it to the entrance of the cave, that he might examine his find by daylight. His heart beat rapidly with excitement, for here was another trace of man in this deserted wilderness.

It was a small leather purse such as the Indians made, and it was full. Amador weighed it in his hands before he opened it. It could not contain gold, the purse was too light for that.

He untied the string at the top and looked in. It was filled with a powder.

What did that mean? Was it medicine, perhaps poison?

Amador shook some of it out in his hand. The coarse powder was of a beautiful, deep-red color; here and there there were larger grains of the

same substance. Amador at once knew what it was. This deep red color had been used since time immemorial by the Peruvians as paint. Here was the mineral from which this paint was made, the mineral for which the Spaniards searched so eagerly, but whose beds the Indians would not betray to them. This mineral which Amador now held in his hand was cinnabar, and he was not deceived, for when he now shook out some more of it upon the palm of his hand, he perceived a tiny metal ball, which moved here and there. He knew very well what this little ball was: it was mercury, quicksilver, which is one of the component parts of cinnabar.

The Spaniards laid such a high value upon this cinnabar, for they needed it for mining gold and silver. Many of the mines which had been discovered in Peru must remain unused, because there was a lack of fuel for the smelting furnaces in the proper regions. At that time the method of extracting the precious metals from the ore by means of quicksilver had been introduced into Mexico with great success, as for this no smelting furnaces were needed. This method of amalgamation, carried out in its roughest mode, was as follows: The ore was ground up and mixed with several other mineral substances. Quicksilver was then added

to the mass, whereupon it united with the gold and silver, forming an amalgam. This was then heated upon a plate-like apparatus. The quicksilver passed off in vapor and was condensed again under water, but the gold and silver remained in the form of a cake.

As quicksilver could be obtained from cinnabar, and Amador was familiar with this method of amalgamation, his discovery was most important to him. In or near these mountains the long-sought cinnabar mines must lie.

Amador continued his investigation of the passage, but soon found its end, and returned to the entrance of the cave. The weather had not improved. The rain fell in torrents, and the spring in the cave was greatly swollen. It now occupied three times its usual area, and overflowed the lower part of the cave, so that investigation of the more distant passages was not to be thought of.

As evening drew near Amador lay down. He thought of his discovery, and imagined what would happen should he discover rich mines of cinnabar.

His imagination worked quickly. He fancied that then all the gold and silver mines as yet known in Peru could be worked. Treasure upon treasure would accrue to the Spaniards, and the

treasure of the Inca would lose its importance. Then there would be no more search for hidden gold, nor would the Indians be persecuted on this account. Pizarro would make peace with Inca Manco, and then the way to Vilcabamba would be free to him, Amador.

The more he thought of it, the more magnificent did his plan seem to him. First, to be sure, the cinnabar mines must be discovered, but perhaps he would yet succeed in discovering them. If not, he had an even more ambitious plan: he would go to Vilcabamba, to the Inca, and play the part of peacemaker between him and Pizarro, and procure recognition from the Spaniards of the rights and dignity of the ruler of Vilcabamba, in exchange for the secret of the cinnabar mines. When one forms plans in solitude and no one is present to discuss them, they usually seem excellent to their maker. Only the discussion of them with others makes us perceive their faults. Amador was, in his seclusion, in an unfortunate position; he had no confidant with whom he could discuss his plans. But they pleased him, for they led him to another goal. In this way he must surely meet the fugitive Inez.

So he fell asleep with rosy hopes, and while the storm raged without, and the water foamed and

hissed in the basin of the spring, his dreams were delightful, for in them he crossed the top of the Cordillera range, and hurried as though on wings to the valley of Vilcabamba, which in its flowery splendor stretched out like a garden of Paradise before his eyes.

He dreamed until the intense cold awaked him, and in surprise he gazed at the gloomy walls of the solitary cave, faintly lighted by the pale dawn.

IV.

When Amador went to the entrance of his cave and glanced out, he was highly astonished at the sudden change which had occurred in the weather during the night. The valleys which were inhabited lay thousands of feet below; even the forest in which his hut was built was now some hundreds of feet below him. Here, high up among the mountains, the air was thinner.

During the night there had been a frost; delicate icicles hung to the rocks which arched above the entrance to the cave, the ice-cold wind which whistled over the mountains chilled the Spaniard to the bone, and it was snowing hard. It was a snow-storm in which one could not see twenty feet before him.

He was, therefore, still a prisoner to the cave, and the hostile elements forged firmer and firmer bolts to his prison. Amador went back into the cave and tried to kindle a fire with the sparks which he drew from his flint. Fortunately he

had a sufficient supply of dry leaves and twigs. The flames leaped up; he placed a waterpot over them upon the rough hearth of stones, threw in dried meat and meal, and adding salt made himself a strong soup.

His meal was ready, and he ate it while it was steaming hot. The rest he poured in a wooden dish and gave to his dog. The animal trembled with cold.

"Poor Stutt," said Amador, "had I suspected this, I would have prepared a different bed for you. But now we will warm ourselves as best we can by the remains of the fire. Come, Stutt, creep in here under my blanket."

The dog gladly followed this invitation. So dog and man warmed each other. But Amador watched the whirling snow-flakes falling thickly outside the entrance of the cave.

"If this is the beginning of winter," he thought, "I have nothing to seek up here. Farewell, Vilcabamba. I shall be forced to return to my fellow-men in the valley. I had a different idea of these mountains, but it is as cold here as in Russia."

The storm meanwhile rapidly abated, the wind soon scattered the clouds, and the sky visible through the entrance became blue, it grew brighter

and brighter, and finally the mountain landscape was bathed in bright sunshine.

Amador rose and went to the entrance. What a surprise! The sun which was now high in the heavens, shone down hotly. The snow melted rapidly beneath these rays, while in the shadow there was an icy chill in the air. Amador gazed out at the mountains which he wished to climb. How different they looked! The snowy covering which had fallen over-night had been sufficient to obliterate many projections, while others stood out all the more plainly. Amador looked for the line of his yesterday's march. He could make it out on the whole, but the peculiarities of the landscape, which yesterday he had noticed so plainly, had vanished. Then for the first time it became clear to him what danger he was about to run. Should a snow-storm surprise him high up in the exposed mountain regions, when the paths were thus obliterated, how could he find his way back? Would he not be liable at any moment to slip upon the treacherous snow covering, and fall into the depths? Perhaps this had been the fate of the poor man whose skeleton was now whitening in the deep ravine.

Find his way back! Then it occurred to him that even from here he had a long and dangerous

way before him to reach his log hut, and fresh clouds rose over the mountains, wrapped the summits, and threatened to cover the sun again.

With decided uneasiness Amador turned and looked down into the valley over the route by which he must return. Here, too, snow covered everything, but the well-known path which Amador had so often traversed was still plainly to be distinguished. Perhaps it would be best to set out upon his return at once. In a few hours he would be out of the region of snow-storms and rocky precipices, and would reach the bare plains; from there he could surely find the way to his log hut and could sleep the next night under a safe roof.

Then a fierce, icy-cold wind arose, which seemed to sweep down the mountain side. Amador looked up at the heavens once more: the clouds were piled up in great gloomy masses, and spread themselves out with the rapidity of a hurricane, until they covered the whole sky. He looked back at the path leading to the valley; the distance seemed to him long. He once more scrutinized it as far as his eyes could reach.

The sun vanished behind the clouds, and a gloomy shadow began to fill the deeper valleys. All at once Amador sprang back behind a project-

ing rock as though he had perceived a poisonous serpent.

Yes, it was indeed something unexpected which he saw down there below him. From behind a projection upon which the last reflection of the sunlight lay, came a man carrying some one on his back. The distance was great, but by the favorable light Amador could plainly distinguish that both persons were Indians. He was sure that one was a man; and it seemed to him that the person carried was a woman. The man stood still and looked up; he was apparently looking for the entrance to the cave, which was visible from the spot where one began the ascent. Then he slowly advanced with his heavy load.

At the same moment the clouds cast a shadow over that spot, and Amador no longer had such a good view of the man, but he could see how the woman's garments fluttered in the icy wind. Then the first snow-flakes fell, the landscape became more and more desolate, and the strange group vanished from Amador's sight. The path which the Indian was ascending led only to the cave, nowhere did it turn aside. The stranger, therefore, wished to reach the cave with his dear burden, there to seek shelter from the storm.

A man, then, knew of this desolate spot. This

wilderness, in which Amador had fancied himself alone, was visited by others. And why? Ah, how could this seem strange to him? had he not only yesterday found the purse of cinnabar? Doubtless this was one of the cinnabar seekers, who had been, with his wife, surprised by the storm. Well, he would make his appearance in a quarter of an hour. Then Amador would have company.

But why did he carry the woman on his back? Was she ill? had she fallen and injured herself? It was a hard task for the poor man to climb up this steep path with such a burden and in such a storm. And now, at this moment, he must be at the steepest place, where the rocky wall descended abruptly, and one was forced to hold fast to the rocky projections to climb up safely. This dangerous path ascended for a hundred feet; then it became easy and safe again for one who knew it.

Minutes passed. Amador wrapped himself in his mantle, and went back into the cave, for the icy wind penetrated through his clothes as though the woollen stuff had been but gossamer. But he did not remain there long. "What am I doing remaining here?" he cried. "Perhaps he is too weak, and needs my help. Death is threatening

them both. They are only Indians, indeed, but am I not a Christian? Why do I hesitate to do what is so obviously my duty?"

He seized his climbing staff, drew his woollen cap low down over his forehead, and quickly left the cave. Stutt probably fancied that his master was about to return home. With a joyous bark, which was drowoed by the fierce gale, he sprang down the familiar path in great leaps. But Stutt was not accustomed to run down mountain paths covered with snow. Scarcely had he run ahead of his master for a few feet when Amador saw the dog slip, roll over, and fall into the yawning depths below.

This sight made Amador pause in alarm. He stood still; on this easy path there were many places which passed close to the brink of a precipice. It was a foolhardy undertaking to try to climb down in this snow-storm; the faithful dog had warned him. Was it not madness to risk his life for two strange Indians? Egotism conquered, and he returned to the cave. But he had no peace. He could not cease thinking of the woman's figure he had distinguished.

Were the two but men he could leave them to their fate, but as it was, how ignoble, how lacking in chivalry was his conduct! He was about to

set out once more, but egotism again weakened his good resolve.

"Be sensible," it pleaded; "do you know what kind of Indians they are? Do you know what reward you will receive for your good action? You will warm serpents in your bosom, and they will reward your benevolence with the mortal sting. Be prudent. These mountain, these caves, conceal secrets, important secrets, which the Indians will not betray to the Spaniards. If they see that you know this place they will injure you, will kill you, for perhaps a secret path leads over this mountain to Vilcabamba." Vilcabamba! Scarcely had Amador thought of this valley, when he at once sprang up, hastened to the entrance, and sought to pierce the thickly falling snow-flakes with his gaze. This was now the true Amador de Calabrera, whose eyes flashed fire and whose expression betokened courage and resolution.

"Miserable, cowardly wretch!" he ejaculated, from between set teeth, reproving himself; and with a firm step, carefully feeling his way through the snow with his stout stick, he started down the path completely hidden with snow.

And what was it that had so suddenly changed his decision? What had made him, forgetting all danger, risk his life for two Indians?

It was the thought that by this secret path, if, as the Spaniards suspected, there was one, the beautiful sister of the Inca might flee to Vilcabamba. A cinnabar-seeker would have long ago returned to the valley, where pleasant weather and safety awaited him. Whoever now sought to climb the mountains in the stormy night, whoever resolved to look death in the face, here on the snow-covered mountain, where all paths were now completely obliterated, did it only because he knew that a band of pursuers was at his heels, because he preferred death from a fall or the terrible frost, to falling into the hands of his enemies. Whoever now wrestled with the storm for his last breath of life was in the same position as the fugitive Inez, who wished to be saved from the rough executioners of the bandit captain Pizarro. And for her sake the pursued Indian couple should be saved.

Such thoughts had flashed like lightning through Amador's head, and as quickly he had resolved to save the two down below him, or die.

But while he now slowly tried to descend, he thought neither of Inez nor of Vilcabamba. He was fully conscious of the great danger he ran, and all his senses and powers were strained solely to discover the path. How slowly the descent

was accomplished! Often Amador longed to hurry on at a more rapid pace, but he restrained himself. Haste here meant death, and he had no desire to share poor Stutt's fate.

He stood still to recover his breath, which the wind had beaten out of him. He rubbed his hands, grown stiff and numb with cold, and stared gloomily before him. "It is not much further now to the steep place," said he to himself. "It was too much for him with such a heavy burden!" And he proceeded even more slowly, for soon he would reach the steep part of the path, and this part of the descent was the most dangerous. He peered ahead. Before the descent began he must pass a low projecting rock, which stretched along the path like a broad stone bench. Was this landmark also obliterated by the snow?

A few more steps, and he drew a breath of relief.

Yes, yonder rose this bench, which was now covered with snow, and upon it the two he was seeking, one person in a sitting, the other in a reclining, posture. He called to them: "Courage, you are saved!" But no one answered him; only the figure in the sitting posture seemed to move his arms as though trying to rise.

In a few moments Amador stood before him.

He was a young Indian with noble features; now

SNOWSTORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

every drop of blood seemed to have left cheeks and lips; his eyes stared at Amador for a while, as though in horror, then he closed them as though he wished to fall into a deep sleep. Then he forced them open again, and once more stared horrified at his rescuer. He did not move, his arms hung down limply; only in his eyes did the last spark of life and of a fearful mental struggle linger.

The sons of sunny Spain had become familiar with the icy breath of the north in their frequent expeditions in the passes of the Cordilleras. They knew from experience what death from being frozen meant, and what were its symptoms. They knew how the exhausted person at length sinks down to rest, losing all power over his limbs, all strength of will, and finally falls into a deep sleep, which, if rescue is not speedily at hand, passes into the sleep of death. Amador therefore at once recognized the situation of the Indian man; as a rescuer had appeared, it was no longer necessarily dangerous. With greater anxiety he turned to the woman stretched out upon the rocks. Her face was covered with a woollen shawl. Amador uncovered it.

He stood there as if stunned. He gazed at a pale, lovely face, which was as calm as though the

maiden slept peacefully and dreamed happily. A face which was, ah! so well known to him, whose features were imprinted upon his heart. For this was the lovely form of his dreams, the form which he had fancied in the gardens of Vilcabamba. This was the beautiful, proud sister of the Inca, and he found her lying here by the path, unconscious or dead, near desolate rocky ravines and in the blinding snow-storm.

"Dead! Merciful God, not that! Oh, why did I so long delay coming to her rescue? Gracious God, do not punish me for it. Forgive my cowardice!"

Thus Amador's excited heart implored, and he called loudly: "Inez! Inez! Stand up! I will save you! Awake!"

But the sleeping girl did not move; she did not open her eyes, the eyelids did not even quiver, her mouth remained silent and motionless. Only the cold, fierce wind played with the loose curls on her brow. Then Amador wrapped the shawl around her head, raised her in his arms and carried her like a child; pressing her tightly to his breast and resting his right hand upon his stick, he hurried past the unconscious man, to carry the almost frozen girl out of the reach of the gale into the sheltered cave.

The exhausted Indian's eyes followed Amador as he slowly passed out of sight. The poor fellow, with the last remnant of his strength, had carried the fainting Inez up the steep ascent, but after he had passed the worst obstacles he had fallen down utterly exhausted. Now the Spaniard vanished from sight with the Inca's sister. This sight worked like an electric shock upon his failing senses. With a loud, piercing cry he rose, and with a superhuman effort he dragged himself after Amador until both reached the cave, and then he sank down before the entrance.

V.

THE wind still blew furiously outside, but the snow-storm had ceased. But a few scattered clouds passed rapidly across the sky, now resembling a raging sea, now a mass of dark smoke, and again tinged by the bright sunlight they vied in radiance with the snow on the slopes.

But the howling gale no longer affected the three seated in the cave. The two Indians who had been so near death are saved. The icy ban which had weighed upon them is broken. Inez has awakened from the deep sleep, color has returned to her face, her lips are like coral and her dark eyes are radiant. She gazes in surprise and evident joy at her rescuer, who is now busy over the boiling pots. She seems to be so happy at this hour, and her presence adds a romantic charm to the gloomy cave.

But it is quite otherwise with her companion. He leans against the rocky wall and stares gloomily before him. His eyes betray the secret con-

flict which is raging within him. He does not rejoice at his and his companion's rescue. He has crossed his arms over his chest, and draws in long, deep breaths. He controls himself as well as he can; were he alone he would groan aloud. But he cannot control his heart, it throbs uneasily against his chest. Let us not seek to fathom his thoughts; the young soldier's feelings are those of a defeated commander.

The meal, a Spartan soup, is at length ready, and Amador hands the princess his earthenware pot and his silver spoon. She eats with an excellent appetite, and hands the pot back to her host. There was much left, for Amador had cooked for two hungry persons. He motions to the Indian leaning against the wall.

"Pray come, Condor!" adds Inez encouragingly.

Condor drew near, probably more to obey the princess than to satisfy his hunger, for he ate little. The thin soup seemed to him impossible to swallow.

But Amador watched the young man with evident interest.

Condor! Every Spaniard had heard this name. For Inca Condor, a descendant of the imperial family of Peru, had been the leader of the Indian troops which had risen two years before and be-

sieged the Spaniards in the capital city Cuzco. Still young in years, he had at that time distinguished himself by his personal courage and skill as a commander. He it was who had fired the old imperial city occupied by the enemy, and had driven the Spaniards through the flames from street to street, from place to place, pressing them hard and gaining advantages over them, until the relief sent by Pizarro wrested the victory, which had seemed so certain, from his hands.

So this was Condor, the bravest and fiercest enemy of the Spaniards, whose sole thought was revenge for the plundering and desecration of the temples of his fatherland; who had sworn to avenge the execution of the Emperor Atahualpa by the blood of all the Spaniards. So this was Condor, who, like the powerful bird for which he was named, was accustomed to pounce down unexpectedly from the inaccessible rocky fortresses of the Andes, and at the head of his recklessly brave men attack smaller divisions of Spaniards without quarter.

Oh, what would not Pizarro have given to have these two guests of Amador in his power! The favorite sister of the Inca, and his boldest general. How Alcan would hasten with his troops from the valley of Huamanca to this mountain wilderness,

if he knew what a capture he could make in this cave!

But Amador did not think of how he could overpower these two whom he had rescued. He was firmly resolved to complete his work of rescue, and allow Inez to cross the mountains.

He began to speak with his former scholar; the girl had learned, as we know, to speak Spanish fluently. She conversed with her rescuer in his mother tongue, although he understood the Indian language as well as she did Spanish. The warrior Condor could not follow the conversation of the two, and so he went to the cave entrance and gazed gloomily out at the wild mountain landscape. His eyes followed the path leading down to the valley, his face wore a deeply troubled look. So the Spaniards had penetrated as far as this! They stood before the secret gate of Vilcabamba, and perhaps they already knew it.

Why did Amador sit in this cave? He was perhaps one of the spies whom Governor Alcan had stationed in the mountains to catch Inez. He was friendly now, but was not this Spanish friendship merely malice and treachery? Would he not detain the fugitives until other spies came from the valley, and then, through superiority of numbers, would they not be overpowered, the

Inca's sister seized and dragged before Pizarro? His hand clutched convulsively the sharp bronze dagger which he wore in his girdle. "Why do I delay?" he muttered to himself; "why have I not long ago taken the initiative in treachery, and killed my enemy? The proud Condor will be no deceitful serpent? To be sure, when I sat on that rock, half frozen and motionless, and he recognized the Inca's sister, could he not have plunged his sword in my breast? He spared me, he saved her life; shall I reward him for this by a cowardly deed? But am I wise? A thousand times has our magnanimity been rewarded by these false, pale children of the sun with treachery; they lure us on to ruin with slippery kindness. Does not the shade of the murdered Atahualpa warn me to be cautious? Does he not cry for vengeance? And Inez?" At the thought he frowned gloomily. "She is a weak woman, like hundreds of her common sisters. She gazes at the strange pale-face with idolatrous reverence. Reverence! Ha, ha, Condor, are you blind? Do you not see how excited she is, how she smiles? What makes her forget that she is fleeing for her life? What makes her so free from care, so gay in these grave hours, and with a Spaniard? It is more than reverence. Are you blind, Con-

dor? Be on your guard. You freed her from the claws of the Spaniards, but will she ever forgive you if this man, the savior of her life, breathes his last before her eyes, and from a blow of your dagger? No, you must place these mighty mountains between him and her."

He gazed up at the mountain-tops. The gusts of the hurricane were diminishing; only delicate fleecy clouds stood apparently motionless in the azure sky; the sun had conquered the icy elements, the snow was melting everywhere, and dripping down from a thousand niches and crevices; tiny brooks formed, trickling along, softly murmuring to each other, until finally their voices were silent. The secret path which the snow had so covered became more and more plain, and yet it was scarcely past noon.

The hearts of those in the cave also thawed. Amador sat beside the Indian princess. He held the purse of cinnabar in his hands, and explained to her the importance of the mineral. He spoke of the peaceable mining of the gold and silver which must satisfy the Spaniards' greed, and of the peaceful, quiet times which must surely come then, of the confirming of Inca Manco's rule of Peru as a tributary province to Spain. He spoke of the quiet happiness of peace, of his desire to

live among Inez' brothers and sisters, and to be a true friend and adviser of her brother. Lastly he spoke, somewhat shyly at first, but growing more and more eager, of his love for her. He told her how since that day, now so many months ago, when he had first seen her, her image had filled his heart, and then for the first time he ventured to ask for her love in return.

Inez flushed deeply but did not long hesitate. Timidly she acknowledged that her heart had long since left her possession, but added that she feared they would never be permitted to join hearts and hands. Never would her brother allow his sister to marry one of the hated Spaniards, and was she not now fleeing from the Spaniards herself? With a shudder she spoke of the fearful fate which might ere this have been hers, had not the brave Inca Condor succeeded in his bold effort to rescue her from Pizarro's clutches. As for this time of peace of which Amador spoke so hopefully, ah yes, it might change everything, but would it ever dawn?

Gradually, however, her gloomy views vanished before Amador's eager words. Assured of her love, nothing seemed impossible to him. Inez herself should win her brother's permission for the young Spaniard to enter his domain, and they

must not despair, all would yet be well—it must, it should. The day would soon dawn when they need part no more. He built air-castles, and the girl forgot probability, listened to him with radiant face, and took dreams for reality.

Then their happiness was rudely interrupted, for Inca Condor entered the cave. His face was gloomy, and wore a look of firm, unyielding resolve. The young soldier was accustomed to command and to be obeyed, and no opposition baffled him. He gazed at the girl with a dark frown; their eyes met, and, as if roughly awakened from a delightful dream, Inez sprang up.

Condor went up to her and whispered softly in her ear.

It must have been a fearful communication, for Inez grew pale, and staggered back a few steps, but then quickly controlled herself, and, with eyes flashing with rage, she pushed Condor aside, and drawing herself up to her full height she cried in a trembling voice: "Never, unless it is over my dead body, scoundrel!"

A bitter, scornful smile flashed across the young warrior's face.

"Then I judged rightly: you are the slave of the Spaniards," he muttered. Then addressing her imperiously, he said: "Follow me at once!"

She understood him, for she bowed her head and replied gently: "I will follow you, Condor!"

Amador had also sprung up, and surveyed the strange pair with an astonished gaze. But he had but a brief moment for considering. Condor already stood before him and said in a firm voice: "I thank you, *viracocha*, you have saved the life of the sister of the Inca. I will give him a true account of it, and he can reward you for it himself. I do not thank you for sparing my life; I am your enemy, I hate you all. I give quarter to no Spaniard, and desire none in return. You will soon meet me on the battle-field; do not reckon on my thanks then."

"Very good, Condor," replied Amador. "I will not go out of your way. I will seek you out from the midst of your warriors;" and tapping the handle of his sword so that the metal rang loudly, he cried: "Know that Spain's knights have never sounded the signal for retreat where this sword has flashed in battle!"

"Very good, *viracocha*," replied the Indian; "we are done with each other, and know how to behave when we meet again. Now I shall lead our ruler's sister away, and you will let us go, and not follow us, for know that Inca Manco has strictly commanded that any Spaniard found on

this path shall be killed on the spot, and I am the first of ten thousand Indians each of whom has taken the oath to obey this command to his latest breath."

Amador smiled ironically.

"Brave Condor," said he, "I shall let you go, but not from fear of your threats, but only for the sake of Inez, to whom I do not grudge her golden liberty. I picked you up when you lay helpless beside the path, and relieved you of the burden beneath which you had sunken down. I am sorry for helpless foes, and your dagger is helpless against my sword."

"You are mistaken!" cried Condor passionately, placing himself at the entrance of the cave, and near the edge of the precipice. "Inca Condor is never helpless in this wild, rocky country. Come nearer, draw your sword. I do not fear death. But, pale-face, I will receive your blow, will clasp you in my arms and press you to my breast, rolling down with you into the depths from which your mangled body will never be recovered."

"Aclia!" he then cried, scorning to address her by her Spanish name, "are you still a faithful daughter of the Incas; have you as yet not denied the gods of Peru; are you still a proud daughter of our glorious princely race, and not a slave of

these strange robbers? If so, I command you in the name of Inca Manco to follow me!"

Inez stood there, wavering and uncertain. But it was Amador himself who urged her to leave.

"Go with him, Inez," he said. "He is right. You must hurry. Who knows whether your tracks are not already discovered? the Spanish dogs have a keen scent. The sooner you reach Vilcabamba the greater will be my joy. I will not follow you. But indeed, if I am here in this cave on the right track to Vilcabamba, I will find my way there, and with God's help will see you again in Vilcabamba."

"Do not do this! Promise me!" cried Inez imploringly. "If you are found alone on the road, they will kill you without delay. I myself will give your message to Inca Manco, and as truly as my name among the Peruvians is Aclia, I will send you an answer here to this cave, in two weeks. Climb no higher. Do not cross the mountains behind which we will disappear."

"Very well, I promise you, Inez," he replied. "I will surely be here in two weeks, and none of my fellow-countrymen shall learn the path to the cave which I alone know. Farewell, Inez!"

He held out his hand, which she took and clasped *convulsively* for some time.

"Aclia, we have no time, follow me!" said Condor hoarsely, and Aclia tore her hand away from Amador and set out upon the path leading up the mountain.

She walked before, Condor followed her.

From time to time the Indian soldier gazed back at the Spaniard. But Amador, true to his promise, remained standing in the entrance of the cave, and gazed after the two fugitives.

Soon they disappeared behind the rocks. Amador's eyes searched the higher mountainous regions, but the beloved form of Inez did not appear in sight again. Amador now walked up the mountain himself, driven on by curiosity, but he soon reached a spot where two paths led in different directions, one up, the other down the mountain. Which one had the fugitives taken? He gazed up the mountain-side and down into the valley. He knew well that one path led from here to Vilcabamba; old Alcan had been right, but Amador had not lifted even a corner of the veil of secrecy.

He returned to the cave and prepared to descend into the valley. In two weeks, or before that, he would be here again, to receive Aclia's secret message.

VI.

THE Indian servants waited in the log house for their master. They were anxious about him.

"What shall we do if he does not return?" said one of them. "The Spaniards in the valley will believe that we have killed him. We will be made to answer for his absence with our lives."

"Who knows what has become of him? Perhaps he has fallen into the clutches of Inca Manco," said the other. "Inca Condor finds his way everywhere. No mountain is too high, no ravine too deep for him. Perhaps he inhabits this region with his troops. If our master does not return we must flee to the woods. Perhaps we can find our way to our emperor in Vilcabamba."

But he did return, and the Indians breathed more freely.

They had much to tell him. Messengers had arrived in Huamanca from the coast. The Spaniards were in a state of the greatest excitement.

Pizarro was reported dead. The Indian servants could give him no more accurate news. Alcan had said that Amador de Calabrera must come to Huamanca himself, as soon as possible.

Amador accordingly went there, and he learned sad and most unexpected news. The conqueror of Peru was indeed dead; his life had been taken by Spanish swords; by Spaniards had the Emperor Atahualpa been avenged.

Among his band of conquerors who spread themselves over the ruins of the city of the Incas, fidelity was a rare virtue. Thus among the Spaniards in Huamanca there was no great indignation expressed at the unfortunate Pizarro's fate.

Alcan gave Amador full particulars. It appeared that Fernando Pizarro, upon the eve of his return to Spain, had warned his brother to "beware of the men of Chili," Almagro's former partisans, and had told him that he anticipated trouble from them. But Francisco Pizarro had made light of this warning. He had not endeavored to make friends of the men, as Cortez would have done, but instead treated them with rudeness and harshness, and took few precautions to secure his own safety.

Almagro's son thirsted for vengeance, and gathered about him a number of confederates.

Pizarro had frequently been warned, but it was useless.

Finally on Sunday, the 26th of June, 1541, Pizarro, feeling somewhat under the weather, did not go to mass. After mass, a number of the chief inhabitants of Lima called to pay their respects, but finally departed, leaving him alone with a few friends. Suddenly he heard the crash of arms in the corridor without, and the Indians rushed in to give him notice of the approaching conspirators. He dispatched one of his friends to bar the door of his apartments against them, but the man, Francisco de Chares, supposing it a mere riot, and hoping that his authority would check it, went out into the corridor and found the conspirators coming up the stairs. They at once attacked him, killed him, and threw his body down the stairs. Pizarro had scarcely time to fasten on his armor. He wrapped his cloak around his left arm, seized his sword in his right hand, and hurried out to meet the attacking band. With all the strength of his youth he fell upon them and drove them back several steps. He was nearly seventy years old. There were now with him but two men and two boys, pages. With this feeble aid he had to contend against nineteen soldiers. Two fell beneath the blows of his sword, but the others, as

the conflict threatened to be a long one, took turns with each other, so that they might not too soon become weary.

Finally one of the conspirators, Rada by name, cried: "What means this delay? Let us make an end of the tyrant!" With these words he pushed one of the men ahead of him against Pizarro. The latter grasped his would-be assassin, and plunged his sword into him, but at that moment Rada pierced Pizarro's throat. With the cry, "Jesus!" the conqueror of Peru fell down. With his bloody fingers the dying man made the sign of the cross upon the floor, and bent his head to kiss it, but at this moment he received a blow which put an end to his sufferings.

"The tyrant has fallen! Justice and right once more reign in the land," rang out in the streets of Lima, and wrapped in a linen sheet, in the darkness of night, the famous Pizarro was buried, accompanied to his grave only by an old servant and a few negro slaves. And no one uttered a "God forgive you!" for the dead man.

This was, in brief, the account which Alcan gave of his commander's death. Amador was greatly shocked.

"And what will happen now? Who is viceroy in his place?" he asked Alcan.

"The conspirators made Almagro's half-breed son governor of Peru," replied Alcan; "but his reign was a short one. The emperor, it seems, had sent Vaca de Castro over here to advise with Pizarro, and had authorized him to proclaim himself governor in case of Pizarro's death. It would seem that he had a prophetic inkling of this death, would it not? However that may be, De Castro has proclaimed himself governor, and Gonzalo Pizarro, who, as you know, is acting governor of Quito, has tendered his allegiance to him. Almagro has but few followers now, and these among the lowest, worst class of Spaniards, so it is hoped that it will not be long before peace once more reigns among the Spaniards, and these horrible civil wars are at an end."

This last was joyful news to Amador, for Vaco de Castro had, he further learned, issued a proclamation of free pardon to all rebels who would voluntarily surrender and submit themselves to his authority.

Inca Manco, in the eyes of the Spaniards, was a rebel, and the new viceroy afforded through this proclamation a most favorable opportunity for reconciliation. If this fact could be properly represented to the Inca, might he not be induced to surrender to Spanish authority? Might not peace

yet be made between Indians and Spaniards? Might they not live together in unity in this beautiful country, which was more than large and rich enough to afford them all a comfortable living? And if peace were once made surely there need be no further obstacles to his union with Aclia. Her brother would relent, would no longer look upon him as a "hated Spaniard" should he be the one to effect this so desirable peace. Amador therefore did not remain long in Huamanca, but returned to his log hut. Alcan had received his friend hospitably, had showed him all possible friendly attentions, and the greatest apparently consisted in giving him a negro slave, who was to prove far more faithful and reliable than all Indians. Amador could not refuse the gift, for he feared that by doing so he might awaken Alcan's suspicion once more, and suspicion which he now knew to be so well justified. He took leave of his friend, and set out for the mountains with the negro and the Indians. Alcan gazed after him with a sly expression of satisfaction.

"My Moor, Iago, will attend to his part finely," he thought. And the Moor did attend to his part well, but not so slyly that Amador did not become suspicious. The negro watched his new master, and when the latter went into the moun-

tains the negro crept after him. Amador at once became certain that Alcan had given him the slave to serve as a spy upon him.

This slave was to find out the secret path, so that Alcan might penetrate with his robber band to the valley of Vilcabamba. Amador now trembled for Inez' fate. He did not let the negro perceive that he had discovered his purpose, but resolved to confuse him, and not betray to him the way to the cave. But meanwhile he racked his brains to discover a means of ridding himself of the troublesome spy, for it lacked but eight days to the appointed day when he was to receive in the cave, Aclia's message, and he must reach the cave in time and unobserved.

He led the negro over that confusing route by which he had formerly vainly sought the pass over the mountains, and he saw, with delight, that the slave had been diverted to the false track, that he remained absent longer and longer each day, probably trying to scale the cliffs and mountain sides, always returning home cross and grumbling.

Several days before the time appointed, Amador changed his manner of treating the negro. He no longer went into the mountains, or on a hunting expedition; he remained in the log hut, and

began improving it. He had a garden laid out, and was never satisfied with the negro's work. He scolded him, and threatened to beat him and send him back to Alcan.

The man, although a slave, defied his master, and said that Alcan had always been satisfied with him. He had performed the most important services for his former master, and he would not be beaten, for he was no Indian; he would rather return to Alcan.

Amador made no reply to this, but when on the twelfth day after his strange meeting with Aclia, this scene was repeated, he ordered the negro to be bound, and the next morning commanded the two Indians to escort the captive to Alcan in Huamanca. They were to tell Alcan that he, Amador, would follow soon himself, and until then this defiant fellow was to be kept under guard.

About noon, the Indians left the log house with their prisoner, and when they had disappeared from sight in the forest Amador breathed more freely, got together some provisions, and hurried to the cave. He found it empty, but upon a stone prejecting slightly from the wall, and upon which Aclia had sat that day, he found a small bundle. He raised it, and opened it with beating heart. A white scarf of the finest vicuña wool and a lit-

tle bundle of cords were the contents. This bundle of colored cords with knots tied at various distances, and the whole fastened to a stick, formed a kind of Indian writing which no Spaniard was able to decipher. It was called *kippu.*

Amador stared at the *kippu* with a disappointed, pained expression. Ah, if this were a letter to him from Aclia it was unreadable to him. These knots and colors were hieroglyphics which baffled the skill of all students. Amador had no key to this writing, and threw the "letter" down in vexation. His former pupil could write Spanish, that he well knew. Why had she not written to him? Then he remembered that in Vilcabamba they probably had neither pen nor ink.

Now he unfolded the fine little scarf, and behold his eyes lit up, for this shawl had been hastily embroidered, embroidered with dainty red characters, and these characters were letters, and the letters formed words, and the words a letter in the Spanish language. "Never will Inca Manco make peace with the Spaniards. The blood of the Incas which has been shed cries for vengeance. Between you and me stand my poor people. The *kippu* is the Inca's reward to you for saving my life. Carry it with you; no Indian

who sees it will raise a hand against you. Farewell forever."

It was a sad letter. Amador folded it up and put it in his pocket, then seated himself, resting his head in his hand.

He pondered for a long, long time.

Farewell forever! No, that must not be. Not now, when the hated, terrible Pizarro rested in the cold ground, now when better times were dawning for Peru. He must go to Inca Manco, he must speak with him, must try to persuade him to make peace with the Spaniards. He rose, and climbed up the mountain side to the rock behind which Condor and Aclia had disappeared. He fastened the *kippu* to his breast and resolved to seek the pass in the mountains, happen what might. He ascended no longer, but went further down into the valley, further and further down. He came now to a stretch of land covered with loose stones and gravel; this seemed to be of considerable extent, and at the opposite side the mountains ascended again steeply. He mechanically turned to the right, and went to the edge of a ravine. Beneath his firm tread the stones crunched, they seemed to be moving under his feet, and now and then one would roll down into the ravine, dragging others with it perhaps, with

a loud crash. But Amador did not turn back. He leaned on his mountain stick, carefully chose the safest-looking stones to set his foot upon, and so advanced step by step. Suddenly, as he was looking for a firm footing, something shone like gold between the stones. Amador looked again; no, he was not mistaken, it was gold, bright gold, and not in a rough state, but wrought by human hands, a gold bracelet, an ornament in this desolate wilderness. Who could have brought it here? Surely no bird or chamois, men must go to and fro over these stones; he had not gone astray, he was upon a road in these wild mountains.

With joyous excitement he raised the bracelet, and his astonishment increased as he inspected it, for it was of artistic workmanship, a masterpiece of the old Peruvian goldsmiths. It was in the form of a serpent with two eyes of emeralds. He knew this bracelet well, he knew to whom it belonged. Aclia had always worn it, and two weeks ago, in the cave, he had seen this bracelet on her arm. He uttered an exclamation of joy.

Ho! He was on the right track! He gave a cry of joy which echoed back from the mountains.

But he was forced to restrain his joy, for the stones under his feet were slipping down the *mountain*-side, and he hurried on to secure firmer

footing. Soon he had left the dangerous part behind him, and paused to look around. He must descend even further, and yet it seemed to him that he was surely on a wrong track, for the mountains were so steep and high that it would be impossible to climb them. He pushed on around a projecting rock, and when he had left this behind him he suddenly had a view of a new, wholly unfamiliar mountain panorama. Two huge mountains towered before him, and between these yawned a deep ravine. His way could lead only through this, there could be no doubt of it.

He fastened Aclia's gold bracelet to the cords of the *kippu*, so that it shone on his breast like an order, swung his stick gayly, and calmly walked on.

Soon he entered the ravine. It was the work of a large stream or a glacier, which had probably once rushed down from the mountains. It led on between the mountains like a broad road, ascending gradually but steadily. This was a natural pass leading to the summit of the mountain range. The view was narrowed by the huge masses of rock towering above this pass; they shut out all glimpses of the region through which he was pressing on. Almost perpendicular, they rose at each side, and often in front of him,

appearing to bar his way completely. But he pushed on perseveringly, and each time found that this apparently insurmountable barrier was but caused by the abrupt turns of the ravine. After a long walk he finally reached the summit of the mountain. The sun was setting, tinging with gold the snow-capped mountain summits around. A new ravine lay before him, but the scene was quite different from any he had yet seen. The mountain slopes here presented a far different aspect from the western slopes, with which he had become familiar during his life in the log hut. They were not nearly so bare. Here and there, through the gaps which afforded a view of the valley, he caught a glimpse of green hills covered with meadows or forests. These were the eastern slopes of the Andes; in these regions are the numerous sources and springs of the gigantic Amazon. This part of Peru is the perpetually moist and green region which borders upon the almost impenetrable primeval forests of South America, which even as yet, in these days of explorations, are but little known. But this brilliant verdure, this land, evidently so fertile and adapted to grazing, as it lay before him lit up by the last rays of the setting sun, was for Amador an unmistakable sign that he was nearing the fertile plains of Vil-

cabamba, and this confidence made his heart beat more rapidly.

At present he was, to be sure, in a wild, rocky region. He entered a new ravine. It was not so deep as those on the western slope, but tall rocky walls shut it in on both sides, and it was so narrow that three men could scarcely have walked abreast. This ravine, twisting like a serpent, and descending now gently, now terribly steeply, was in fact a natural fortress to the valley of Vilcabamba. Should her defenders, armed only with stones, station themselves upon the rocks at each side, no army in the world, however brave its commander, could pass through this ravine. A terrible death would surely be the fate of all attackers.

And the Indians seemed to feel safe in their plains. No one was in sight. Let Amador scan the rocks as he would, he nowhere caught sight of the feather head-dress of a sentinel. Deep silence prevailed in the gloomy passageway, not even broken by the cry of a bird, or the chirp of a cricket; even the wanderer's steps awakened no echo, for he advanced noiselessly over a thick carpet of moss.

The reflection of the sun tinged only the lofty mountain-tops of the Andes, deep shadows already covered the valleys. Twilight had descended as

Amador reached the end of the ravine, and, terribly weary, he leaned against the rocks and surveyed the landscape before him. Directly before him extended a thick forest, but the mountain descended steeply here, and so Amador could look over the tops of the huge old trees into the distance. He saw shapeless masses, half veiled by white mists arising from a stream; then the fields of the Indians, laid out as regularly as the squares of a checker-board, and columns of smoke rising in the air, betrayed to him the sites of villages. A magical idyllic peace rested over the lonely valley, which up to this time had never been desecrated by war and pillage, because no Spaniard had set eyes upon it.

Yes, that was Vilcabamba, as lovely and attractive as Amador had fancied it in his dreams. Were his dreams, these wonderful dreams, to be fulfilled? Could it be possible?

However great his eagerness, he could not reach the valley to-day. He could not find his way in the dark, and besides he was too weary for the long march. He therefore resolved to seek a suitable resting-place for the night in the woods.

In these high valleys, when the sun sets the air becomes cool, even cold, and this chilly feeling is intensified by the dampness. Amador shivered

THE INCA'S KIPPU.

now, for he had been motionless for some time. He drew his mantle more closely about him and started at a rapid pace to enter the woods which lay close before him.

Scarcely had he advanced a few steps when he suddenly heard a rustling around him. Before he could recover from his surprise, he saw himself surrounded by a crowd of Indian warriors, who seemed to have sprung up from the very ground, and now with a fierce yell raised their weapons and formed a compact circle around him.

Amador started back, but only from surprise, not terror. He calmly stood motionless, and gazed at the Indians. From his helmet adorned with gold, and his silver-plated armor, he at once distinguished the captain. He unfastened the Inca's *kippu* from his breast, and held it out to this captain.

The latter approached Amador, and as he recognized the token in the fast-increasing twilight he cried in astonishment, "The Inca's *kippu*, and Aclia's bracelet!"

Cries of astonishment came from the circle of warriors; the raised weapons were lowered, and the stranger, although a Spaniard, was greeted in a cordial and respectful manner by the leader of the band of soldiers.

"I wish to go to Inca Manco," said Amador. "Can you tell me whether it is a long distance from here to him?".

The captain looked at him in surprise.

"It is quite a long distance," he replied. "You will have a good half day's march before you, and night is but little suited for such journeys. Come with me and rest in our quarters. I will inform Inca Manco of your arrival. For without his permission I cannot let you proceed. You are my prisoner, but in three hours his decision will be here."

Amador was not astonished at the apparent contradiction concerning the distance of Inca Manco's residence from this place. The Inca's posts, this institution of quick runners, was well known to him.

These *tschascis*, or post runners, were chosen from the most fleet-footed and reliable young men. They wore a uniform, most cleverly planned, which did not hinder their running in the slightest, and yet enabled them to be distinguished from all other inhabitants of the realm. Whoever met a *tschasci* was bound to render him any necessary service. The greater part of the messages they delivered by word of mouth, but were bound to consider everything communicated to them as an

official secret. Death was the punishment for any breach of this confidence reposed in them. Spaniards also knew that these *tschascis* guarded their secrets, even when not of a political nature, so strictly that they could be induced neither by gifts nor by threats to divulge the smallest of them.

In the old Inca kingdom, along the principal roads post houses were established at distances of about six kilometres, small buildings thatched with straw and serving as inns for the *tschascis*. In times of peace four, in times of war eight, ten, or more of these runners were stationed in each little house, at least half of whom must be ready for duty night or day. While two or more slept and rested, two stood motionless, ready for duty, gazing up and down the road, on the lookout for a signal of fire or smoke, which was sent up by the nearest post house as notice that a messenger had left there. As soon as the waiting man perceived this signal, he, on his part, at once lighted a torch of wood kept in readiness, to inform the nearest station in the opposite direction, and then ran to meet his expected comrade. When he met him, he either took the bundle which the other carried, or learned his verbal message. Both ran along side by side until the fresh messenger had

learned the message word for word, and could repeat it fluently.

This institution worked so finely that the Inca, in his capital distant five hundred kilometres from the coast, could eat fresh sea fish.

Especially important events, such as hostile attacks, revolts, and the like, were telegraphed the Inca from station to station by particular fire signals.

The captain had suddenly disappeared from the side of the Spaniard; he was certainly hastening to the *tschasci* to give him a commission. Amador meanwhile walked along a forest path, surrounded by the Indian cohort. After a few minutes' walk they reached a clearing where stood a fortified guard-house and a post station. Before the latter glowed a fire, announcing to the next station the departure of a messenger. Three other fires had already burned out, and gave out but a faint glow. Three messengers, therefore, had already in the last few hours been dispatched to the Inca, and this ruler knew at that very moment, that a Spaniard approached Vilcabamba by the secret path.

"Did Aclia and Inca Condor arrive safely by this way, fourteen days ago?" Amador asked the captain, when the latter again drew near.

"They did," was the answer.

"Then send her this bracelet," said Amador, handing it to the Indian, "and tell her that Amador has come to speak with Inca Manco."'

The Indian took the bracelet, wrapped it in a cloth, and tied it up securely with a red cord. Amador smiled, he knew what that meant. The package was to be delivered only into Inca Manco's own hands, and the message repeated to him alone. The captain trusted neither the stranger nor Aclia. Was she considered in Vilcabamba a friend of the Spaniards? Well, let the messengers run through the forests and valleys now. Amador sought one of the camps, wrapped himself in blankets and stretched himself on the ground to sleep. He fell asleep at once, for he was not anxious concerning his fate. Inca Manco, on the contrary, in his distant capital, assuredly did not sleep: the announcement of the approach of a Spaniard must have caused him the greatest excitement. Amador had just fallen asleep when there was great commotion in front of the guard-house, and the sound of heavy men's steps, but all this did not waken the sleeper. Five hundred warriors had arrived, at the Inca's command, in the threatened part of the valley, and other regiments were held in readiness in other parts of the

land. And during the whole night the *tschascis* came and went from the guard-house in the ravine to the capital, and from capital to guard-house. This passing to and fro ceased only with the dawn; but with dawn the five hundred soldiers filed into the ravine and occupied the narrow pass, while they stationed themselves high up on the rocks, and at the turns of the ravine; and far beyond, even to the entrance of the eastern ravine from the stony stretch of country, numerous spies were sent forward. Amador knew nothing of all this; he slept the sleep of the just, to the astonishment of the Indians. The Inca's *kippu* protected him, and was the most excellent pillow for him.

VII.

SHORTLY before sunrise the captain came up to Amador's resting-place.

"Stand up!" said he, after waking the stranger. "Inca Manco commands you to appear before him."

When Amador appeared in front of the door of the guard-house, he saw that he was to make his entry into Vilcabamba in all honor, for bearers with a litter waited for him, and he was greeted respectfully by the bystanders.

So he allowed himself to be carried through the woods, the Inca's *kippu* upon his breast. Fifty warriors accompanied him, marching in front of, behind, and at both sides of the litter. They walked in such close ranks that it was impossible to consider them a mere guard of honor.

As soon as Amador had left the forest he entered a region in which a remnant of the old Inca empire in its original purity was still to be seen. Here and there rose villages, built on the eastern

slopes of hills or mountains, so that the inhabitants might pay their customary homage to their divinity the sun, as it rose. In every village there was a square or market place in the middle, from which the streets started in all four directions. Many houses were provided with towers, and each one presented the appearance of a small fort. There were large and small houses, built of clay and surrounded by walls. The residences of the common people did not present the pleasant appearance of our country houses, for they had no windows, and air and light were admitted only through the door.

The villages were surrounded by well-cultivated fields in which maize, cinoa, potatoes, and various kinds of vegetables were planted. Amador could also catch glimpses of flocks of sheep pasturing, for these high plateaus were well suited for the raising of llamas. But these so useful llamas were not the property of the shepherds; they all belonged to the sun, that is, to the temples or to the Inca. The wool which they yielded was spun and woven for the state, and the material divided among the different provinces, or stored in magazines for future use.

Even the very land which the Peruvian tilled did not belong to him. This too was state prop-

erty, and was divided among the different communities. Each inhabitant was obliged to cultivate it, and deliver the crops to be divided by the government.

The hand workers, the smiths, potters, weavers, and the like, also worked under the state's supervision. Three months in the year each must work for the common welfare, the rest of the time was left for him to cultivate the fields which were specially assigned to him for the nourishment of his family. At the time when the Spaniards entered the land, there were neither idlers nor beggars in the Inca's realm. Money was unknown there. Each must pay taxes by work, must work part of the year for the good of the country, and in case of need he received suitable assistance.

There was neither a parliament nor an assembly in Peru. The Inca's power was unlimited. He was ruler over all, but held to the traditions of his ancestors, who had long ages before made such prudent laws.

Everything went as if on wheels here; nor was mental cultivation forgotten. The most diligent research cannot discover in how far the Peruvians' *kippus* took the place of writing, but it is certain that the Inca had schools in which children of scholars, or *amautas* as they were called, were

taught. The history of their people and the laws made by the Inca were learned by heart, often in the form of poems.

But well ordered as the Inca's land appeared at first sight, it was nevertheless weak in principle. The state's supervision of everything, the working for a certain living, must weaken the strength of will.

The Peruvian Indians were accustomed to obey and to work like machines. The energy which Europeans must display if they wish to win a competency was wholly lacking in them. The Inca was the head of the state, the citizen was wholly lacking in resolution and ambition, and thus this colossus was weak against an active outside enemy; a handful of adventurers could ruin it in a short time.

The valleys of Vilcabamba formed only a small principality, an insignificant remnant of the old, powerful Inca realm, but the palaces of the Incas in this small principality were magnificent. They had not been built recently, since the Inca Manco had withdrawn to these inaccessible plains and valleys from the Spaniards. These forests and plains had been distinguished since early times for their great abundance of game; here the Incas held their magnificent hunts, and in

order to make their stay agreeable they had built beautiful palaces here.

After a march for hours Amador approached one of these palaces. Upon a hill, whose slopes were laid out as an extensive pleasure garden, stood the large residence of the Inca. Near it was a temple, and a long, low building, surrounded by a high wall, the cloister of the virgins of the sun, who, like the Roman vestals, attended to the service of the gods, and also must spin and weave for the Inca, his family, and his court.

Amador had already seen in Peru much larger palaces, temples, and cloisters, but they had been deserted, plundered, robbed of their ornaments, and presented a desolate appearance. Here as yet everything was in order, used and inhabited; here the rarest and most costly adornments were to be seen, and here Peruvian life flourished in its old, strange form.

How astonished was Amador as he was carried through the entrance into the pleasure garden! Here there were not only excellently tended trees and flower-beds, but beautiful fountains with figures of all kinds made of gold and silver; and the springs which fed these fountains lay high up among the mountains and their water was brought to the pleasure garden by aqueducts and pipes.

The winding paths were smooth and beautifully kept, thick-foliaged trees cast an inviting shade, and from the green shrubbery peeped golden and silver statues representing men and animals.

This was a pleasure garden such as Amador had never before in his life seen, and which cast the splendor of the royal gardens of Europe deeply into the shade.

Amador was not carried into the palace. His litter was set down before the door of a small garden house. This was the residence assigned to him by Inca Manco.

Amador rose to look at his new home, and who should meet him in the doorway but Inca Condor!

"Be greeted in the name of Inca Manco, *viracocha*," said he with icy coldness. "He pardons you for breaking the bounds set for Spaniards. He magnanimously spares your life, but you are his prisoner; you must not leave this house without his permission. If you do, your head will be laid at your feet. I am ordered to guard you."

"I know very well, Condor," replied Amador, "that Inca Manco is lord of Vilcabamba, and I will submit to his commands. May I ask when he will receive me?"

"Wait until you are summoned," replied Condor shortly.

"That is indeed no hospitable reception," cried Amador. "May I not at least speak with my friend, Aclia?"

A scornful smile crossed the Indian's face.

"You will have to wait, Amador, for she will receive no man now. But in a few days you will see her. I invite you to my wedding with Aclia."

Amador was silent. He had come too late. He went into his new home, and waited here until he should be summoned by Inca Manco. He had made a mistake, that he now perceived. He had not only placed himself in the power of Inca Manco, but also in that of his fiercest enemy, Inca Condor.

The fiercest hatred shone in the eyes of the Indian commander; his heart was filled with the desire to ruin the Spaniard who was also his rival.

Amador was now completely powerless against his enemy; he must endure his fate patiently, and rely solely upon God's help.

VIII.

INCA CONDOR had charge of the captive only as chief general of Inca Manco's army. He could not guard him personally. For this, as general minister of war, and member of the imperial family, he had no time; he had many other affairs of state to attend to which were far more important than guarding a solitary guest.

Amador's real guard was an Indian captain, Tupac by name, a calm, elderly man. He did not glare with eyes filled with hatred at the Spaniard entrusted to his care; on the contrary, he was pleasant and courteous, and did not make Amador feel the hardness of his imprisonment. Amador believed that the captain wished to steal into his confidence.

"No," replied Tupac, to Amador's questions the next morning. "Inca Manco will not receive you to-day. But you can see him if you wish."

"I have seen the emperor merely at a distance

at the head of his troops," replied Amador. "I should be glad to have a near view of him."

"You have seen him as the leader of an army," said Tupac. "To-day an opportunity is afforded you of seeing him as the first workman in the Inca's realm. Come with me, therefore, and take part in the feast of the planting of the sacred field of *collcampata*. Once this field lay in the capital, Cuzco. Now, since we were forced to flee from there, the Inca has laid out a new consecrated field here, in which the field work of the year is to be begun."

Amador gladly accepted the invitation.

Tupac's soldiers donned their best armor, and marched thither with the captain and Amador, who in his faded, travel-stained clothes, which had been through so many storms, did not present a very favorable contrast to the gay imperial guard. But he was a white man, his fair skin was his inborn gala attire.

"Is it far?" asked Amador.

"The *collcampata* is situated directly behind the pleasure garden," replied Tupac. "We must hurry, for the festival will soon begin."

After Amador had left the pleasure garden with his companions, he discovered upon a gently descending slope an unplanted square field, upon

which a granary built in the shape of a tower stood. Around this tower a vast multitude of men was assembled. Upon the side facing the imperial palace a broad pathway had been left between the ranks of men, at each side of which Inca Manco's body-guard, in their gold-ornamented helmets and silver-plated armor, formed a living hedge.

The arms of these warriors consisted of bows and arrows, battle-axes, clubs, lances, and slings. Iron was unknown to the Peruvians, and so the heads of the arrows and lances were made of fish-bones or splinters of bones of large animals, or bits of flint, and in rare cases were adorned with copper, gold, and silver. The battle-axes of the leaders were of silver, those of the Inca and his relations of gold, while those of the common soldiers were of bronze. Amador was struck with the artistic workmanship displayed in the heavy, square clubs or *huamantschay* of the higher officers, who also carried small round shields made of basket work, wood, or tortoise-shell, and wore wooden helmets inlaid with gold, in the form of various animals' heads. Some who presented a particularly striking appearance had caps made of the skin of the head of a puma or jaguar, and richly adorned with gold and precious stones. The

coats of the soldiers were wadded, and covered with silver plates. There were also musicians with drums, shell horns, copper trumpets, and pipes of cane, the sounds of which instruments were familiar to Amador from former battles. Banners with the arms of the various provinces were scattered among the different divisions, and Amador perceived that here were displayed the flags not only of Vilcabamba, but of those provinces which the Spaniards had long since occupied. The rebellious Inca, therefore, evidently considered himself the lawful ruler of the whole realm which had formerly belonged to his ancestors.

Between these rows of glittering warriors Amador now passed, and at sight of him cries of astonishment arose from the crowd, so much the more since they perceived upon the breast of the Spaniard the *kippu* of the Inca.

Amador took his place in the first rank of spectators. He needed not to wait long for the beginning of the ceremony. Horns, drums, and trumpets announced to the people that the Inca had left his palace.

The imperial train slowly filed between the ranks of soldiers to the sacred field. All the pomp of the former rulers of all Peru was displayed in the same degree as years before.

The chosen especial body-guard of the Inca walked first, as glittering and magnificent as Alcan had once described it upon the plateau of Panama to the eagerly listening Amador. At the head of the procession was borne the imperial standard, a splendidly painted rainbow upon a white ground. Inca Condor headed these troops. He had donned a dazzling coat of mail in honor of the day. The top of his helmet was a condor's head with a massive beak. The wings of the majestic bird of prey were fastened to the shoulders of the Indian, and the two feet with their fierce claws he wore like officer's epaulets. He also wore a true cuirassier uniform, a white jacket woven out of the finest vicuña wool, and over that a coat of mail of solid gold, which covered chest and back. But on this day he did not carry the massive club in his hand, it hung at his waist. The warrior's right hand brandished a token of peace, a golden spade.

Behind the body-guard came the Inca himself, carried in a magnificent litter. He appeared in his full imperial splendor in honor of this feast.

Upon his head he wore the *llautu*, a kind of turban, which was wrapped five times around his head, above that a golden diadem, and beneath, fastened to hang over his forehead, the crown of

the emperor of Peru, a red worsted tasselled cap. On ordinary occasions the emperor wore a simple woollen *paitscha* as token of his rank, but upon festive occasions like this the *paitscha* was far more costly, for its strands were covered for half their length with gold. His garment was made of a material in which all kinds of figures were woven of gold and silver, and also tastefully represented flowers of gay colors. On his feet he wore golden sandals. His breast was adorned with a golden image of the sun, representing a human face, surrounded by a halo of rays; on his left arm he wore a heavy gold bracelet. In his right hand he held the golden sceptre adorned with emeralds. But yet another part of his headdress was striking.

He wore in his ears, as earrings, massive gold discs, which by their weight so lengthened the Inca's ears that the Spaniards called all the members of the imperial family "large ears," or *orejones*. But what especially attracted Amador's attention were two long black and white striped feathers, which stood erect at each side of his head. These were the feathers of the wonderful bird *corekenke*, which only the ruling Inca could wear.

According to the firm belief of the Indians they

were given to the Inca by the sun-god himself. Only when an Inca needed such feathers did the *corekenke* appear in a lake in the desert Vilicanota, at the foot of the Andes, willingly let himself be caught, and allow the appointed catcher to take the required feathers from each wing without resistance, whereupon he flew away again. Further pursuit or injury of the bird was forbidden under pain of death.

But to-day yet another symbol rested upon the Inca's knee—a golden spade, the sign of this festive day.

Not only did the emperor's splendor excite Amador's admiration, but the throne upon which he was carried was also magnificent. It was a low, round stool of solid gold, and this rested upon a square, thick plate or platform of the same precious metal. The platform was so large that there was also room enough upon it for the Inca's feet. The framework of the litter itself was a masterpiece of Peruvian artistic skill.

It must surely have been a difficult task to carry the massive throne gently, but the imperial bearers had had practice in this art long before in the various provinces, and only true masters were appointed to the Inca's service. This appointment was considered a great honor, but the

office was one of grave responsibility. If the royal horses run away with the royal carriage in any country of Europe, the coachman escapes with a reprimand, or the loss of his position. Not so in the land of the Incas. If one of the bearers stumbled or was guilty of any other awkwardness, this offence was punished by the laws of Peru with death. Eight men carried the imperial litter and twenty-four substitutes always walked beside it. The imperial chair itself rested upon two long poles made of the finest wood inlaid with gold and silver, and above it rose two golden arches, richly ornamented with precious stones. Over these arches were stretched costly stuffs to protect the Inca from the rays of the sun as well as the curious gaze of the multitude. This covering had numerous openings through which the ruler could obtain fresh air, and also survey the road. The litter was adorned on the outside with a golden sun, a silver moon, and the coat of arms of the Inca, the rainbow. Upon the floor of this litter was placed the gold platform and upon this the stool.

In such splendor did the hunted emperor of Peru appear; the remnant of the old splendor was sufficient to dazzle the eyes of the Spaniard. This sight did indeed excite no feeling of covetousness

in Amador's heart, and he did not even think that Alcan had made no mistake when he said that in the plains and valleys of Vilcabamba a second Peru was to be conquered. Not less magnificent were the costumes of the imperial retinue.

In another litter was borne the legitimate wife of the Inca, the *coya*. She wore garments of the finest vicuña wool, which were fastened together on the breast by four golden needles, each of which weighed a pound, and about the waist by a girdle of fine woollen and golden threads. Above this she wore a shawl as mantle, ornamented with woven figures of gold and silver thread, and gay-colored flowers. Her hair was carefully combed and held back by a golden fillet as broad as one's thumb; golden shoes incased her feet. Rich ornaments of gold and emeralds enhanced the splendor of her appearance.

The imperial pair were followed on foot by the other members of the Inca family then in Vilcabamba, all attired in robes of more or less splendor, all with golden spades in their hands.

Amador gazed closely at this troop, and soon found her whom he sought—Inez.

She wore a snow-white garment without any adornment. Her black hair was held up by a golden comb, and upon one bare arm shone the

small hoop of gold representing a serpent, the ornament which Amador had sent to her day before yesterday.

Her eyes were fixed upon the ground, and she walked past the spot where Amador stood without raising them He knew well why she did so. Inca Condor had commanded this and she must obey him, for at the court of Vilcabamba Amador was no more or less than any other Spaniard. The Peruvians hated him and did not trust him. Aclia's rescue they probably considered merely a trick through which he had wished to gain admittance to Vilcabamba.

The usual ceremonies meanwhile commenced in the sacred field. Inca Manco left his litter and broke the soil in a part of the field with his own hands. He prepared the ground in the customary Peruvian manner, and sowed grains of maize.

When he had completed this task, in which none of his courtiers could assist him, a priest ascended the tower of the granary and announced to the people, by signals upon a horn, that Inca Manco had opened the field consecrated to the sun, and that now all the inhabitants of the kingdom could begin their work in the fields. Immediately signals rang out from the neighboring towers, and were repeated through the whole re-

gion to the most remote corners of Vilcabamba. Once the signals had gone further, and had echoed from Cuzco to the furthest inhabited regions of the high plateaus and to the coast of the sea. To-day they went no further than throughout Vilcabamba—the power of the Inca was already broken.

Following the emperor's example, all the members of the imperial family set about the same work; each and every one of the Incas prepared a bit of land with his golden spade, and in a short time the field consecrated to the sun-god was sown.

Festive songs of all kinds completed the ceremony, after which the Inca returned to his palace, while the people returned to the villages of Vilcabamba, to celebrate the day for their part. A banquet was served in the Inca's palace, to which Amador was invited.

The banquet was served in a large hall. For the Inca a special table was laid. The courtiers and guests sat at other tables.

The repast was excellent. A hundred different dishes were served, game and birds of all sorts, the tender flesh of young llamas, fish, vegetables, and entrées, fruits, cakes, and the like. Amador took no great pleasure in the dishes set before

him, for Condor was his gloomy neighbor at table, and this society spoiled the Spaniard's appetite.

He therefore turned his attention to Inca Manco. The emperor was waited upon by his wives. They brought the various dishes and placed them on mats of green rushes, in gold and silver utensils. He designated the dishes which he wished to enjoy. Immediately one of the women seized the dish and held it before him while he ate from it. They even went so far in their care of him as to put the bits in his mouth, while other women were busy cutting up the food in various dishes with small crescent-shaped bronze or gold knives. The Inca's food was prepared especially for him by the maidens of the sun, in the cloister near by.

The cup from which Inca Manco drank was a human skull, set in gold.

When this was handed to him, for the first time Condor turned to Amador, and said: "Do you know to whom that skull belonged in life?"

Amador was silent, but Condor continued sarcastically: "Inca Manco drinks from the skull of a distinguished Spaniard, that quenches the thirst for revenge. Why do you grow paler, pale-face?"

Any quarrel would have been worse than useless here, so Amador was silent. He had until now known the Peruvians only upon the field of

battle, and had associated only with the subjugated, slavish part of the population. Here he saw the most distinguished people of the realm in their unrestrained liberty, and with terror he perceived that their hatred of the Spaniards was far greater than he had fancied. He began to despair of the success of his mission.

It had grown late when the guests rose from the banquet. Inca Condor surrendered his neighbor to Captain Tupac again. The latter had freely partaken of liquor, and was in a jovial mood.

"You surely do not wish to go home yet?" he said to Amador. "You have seen the stiff imperial banquet, you must now witness the feasting of the people. Come, I will take you around through the city streets."

Amador was only too willing to accept this invitation. He strolled through the streets of Vilcabamba, arm in arm with his guide, and very soon he became conscious that the Peruvians celebrated the festival of the planting of fields, in a similar manner to that in which the Greeks celebrated their feast of Bacchus. The *tschitscha*, their native liquor, flowed in streams, and was furnished to the people at the expense of the state.

For days before had the maidens of the sun *brewed* the maize beer unweariedly, and the liquor

when ready for use was dispatched from the cloisters in casks to reservoirs in the temple of the sun. From here it was taken in golden casks to the place before the temple; then these casks were opened, and the beer flowed in streams into stone wells, and was drawn up by the common people in huge pitchers.

The scene which here presented itself before Amador was one of the worst sides of the Inca rule. On this day any one could drink freely, and both men and women did so. Such a wild carousal was going on in the square that Captain Tupac soon perceived that it would be too dangerous to walk here with the Spaniard, and hurriedly turned toward home.

"How long does this festival last?" asked Amador of the captain.

"Sometimes the beer is not consumed for days," replied Tupac; "and it must all be drunk. Besides, the maidens of the sun are brewing industriously, for in a few days the wedding of Condor and Aclia will take place. That will cause a new people's festival, but before everything it will be a festival for the army."

Amador retired to rest. The impressions of this day were so numerous that he did not try to arrange them in his mind. But he was not at all

satisfied with his experiences. Under these circumstances he must give up all hopes that he might ever speak with Inez. Adventurous plans did occur to him. He knew, or thought he knew, that she was about to marry Condor only at her brother's command. How would it be if he could set her free and assist her to flee from Vilcabamba? Ah, he had to laugh at this plan himself, for by what way could they flee? Not a mouse could leave the valley against Inca Manco's will. He had fallen into a trap from which there was no escape.

He did not this night sleep as calmly as at that time in the guard-house in the ravine. And when he awoke from bad dreams, he heard the tumult of the drunken populace, which even penetrated the thick foliage of the pleasure garden.

IX.

"SHALL I not be allowed an audience with Inca Manco?" asked Amador on the following morning.

Captain Tupac shook his head.

"No," he replied. "Inca Manco is going into the mountains on a hunt. But you will see him, you shall accompany him there."

The imperial hunt. If any hunt deserved this name those of the Inca did. At this golden age of the realm they were certainly the most magnificent ever held in the world. The provident laws of the land forbid the common man to hunt, as in the opinion of the wise men of Peru this occupation made men lazy in farming pursuits. All game, from deer to the smallest bird, was therefore declared the property of the Inca, and hunts could only be held by the orders of the state.

Every four years the Inca participated in such a hunt. The most interesting were surely those

in the mountains, for here was the home of the different species of wild llamas, the camels of South America, which, small in size, run with chamois-like activity over the steep mountain sides. In the mountains, besides deer, lived various kinds of alpacas, guanacos, and vicuñas, all more or less like the llama, and belonging to the same family. The alpacas and vicuñas were of value to the Peruvians not only on account of their flesh, they furnished the finest wool; but they could not be tamed, and had to be caught and bound when it was desired to shear them.

Inca Manco did not institute the hunt for his pleasure. He needed meat. Many Indian families had fled to the plains of Vilcabamba, and from time to time a fresh band of fugitives arrived, who had fled with wives and children by the secret paths out of the reach of their Spanish persecutors, to place themselves under the protection of their emperor.

It could not be said that Inca Manco saw these bands arrive with great pleasure, for the valleys of Vilcabamba became thereby over-populated. The well-filled storehouses gradually were exhausted, and the officials declared that if the next harvest were not particularly abundant, they

would be threatened with famine, an event which was fairly unheard of in the history of the well-ordered Inca land.

Other supplies, such as stuffs and the like, rapidly diminished. It was hard to replenish these, for cotton would not thrive on the high plateaus, the herds of llamas were not especially numerous, and the yield of alpaca and vicuña wool very slight. And the emperor alone, in accordance with olden custom, needed such an immense supply of clothes. Aside from his state attire he wore each garment but a single time. When he took it off it was put with other similar new, but, in the eyes of the Inca, cast-off garments, and after six months it was burned. Now when the common people were so lacking in clothes these cast-off and yet so new garments would have been welcome to them. But it would have been reckoned a crime to change, even in the slightest, the ceremony which surrounded the throne.

The Peruvians had been accustomed since time immemorial that the state for which they worked, the state which considered everything its own property, should provide for them; but now this state was shaken to its foundations, it was conquered, and nameless misery threatened to burst upon the people, who did not know how to help

themselves and were left perplexed and incompetent.

Everywhere there come distress and hard times. Everywhere in the world man must earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. In Europe, man is brought up from childhood to be independent, and when hard times come he shows himself a man, he finds new means and ways of maintaining his family. But in the land of the Incas, as in those fantastic states which false prophets have tried to predict in our times to the people, each one had done only what the state prescribed for him. He was without a will, a mere wheel in a huge machine, and when one axle broke the whole stood still, all wheels were useless, the common man was lost, he fell victim to the greatest misery.

The wise lawgivers of the realm, in limiting freedom in work, had overlooked this catastrophe, and now their mighty state was on the verge of destruction; a handful of adventurers destroyed it in a few years. The poor people were fitted only for slaves for the victors.

All this was clear to Inca Manco, and he feared the sudden collapse of his glory. He gave the populace brilliant feasts as in old times, so as to *deceive* them in regard to the danger; and behind

the mantle of an imperial hunt he now sought to win meat and wool.

Twenty thousand men, half the male population of Vilcabamba, were summoned to act as beaters of the game for the imperial hunt. A large district was to be hunted over, and this would occupy many days.

Distant mountain-tops indicated the direction of the hunt; the beds of rivers, paths, ravines, and forests served as boundaries of the living circle which only after many days contracted, and finally so much that it consisted of two or three rows of men, and made it almost impossible for the game to slip through and escape. Many beaters were armed with sharp-pointed lances to protect themselves against the attacks of beasts of prey, the others were armed with clubs. Unresisting wild animals could be killed by no man, savage animals only by those whose lives were endangered, so stated the laws of Peru in regard to such hunts. Finally the beaters, led by skilled hunters, drove many thousand wild animals of the most varied kinds before them. In places where game was particularly abundant seldom less than twenty, often as many as forty thousand animals were thus surrounded and brought into the emperor's immediate vicinity. Among guanacos, vicuñas,

alpacas, and deer, beasts of prey ran in close packs fleeing from the threatening lances—silver lions or pumas, jaguars, ocelots, wild-cats, foxes, wild dogs, bears and others, in recognition of the common danger, suppressing all voracious instincts, and in no less fear and dread than were the others.

After the Inca and his guests had killed with arrows and lances as many of the animals as they wished, appointed hunters, experienced and well schooled, appeared upon the scene of action, killed the remaining animals appointed to death, caught the others which were to be robbed merely of their fleece, and handed them over to expert shearers, who threw them on the ground, held them fast by the legs, when they were shorn and then allowed to run loose.

The great supply of meat thus obtained was not lost, for thousands of busy hands were at once engaged in cutting it in strips, and hanging it in the open air to dry in preparation of *tscharci*, or dried meat.

The unbutchered animals were carefully counted before being set free, and their number recorded in the *kippus*, so that the Inca might at any time be informed of the condition of game in the kingdom.

Thus was the imperial hunt conducted, in which Amador had participated with ever-increasing astonishment.

Days passed, and Amador received no summons to the Inca's presence, despite his repeated questioning of Captain Tupac, nor did he catch even a glimpse of Aclia. He dared not mention her name frequently to the captain, and so remained totally ignorant of her doings. Finally, just as he was beginning to despair, and fancy that he was to be kept a prisoner indefinitely, on the last day of the hunt, while all were still busied in dividing the meat, a messenger appeared and summoned him to the emperor.

He was taken to the palace, where his guide said a few words to an imperial officer, but in such a low tone that Amador could not possibly hear what was said. Then he was conducted through various corridors and rooms, elegantly decorated with gold and silver work, and was finally ushered into an apartment in which were the Inca and a few of his nobles. The Inca gave a sign to these nobles to withdraw, and received Amador with a grave bow. He evidently wished to give the Spaniard the desired interview without witnesses to overhear what might pass between them, and in as little conspicuous a manner as

possible. Inca Condor had not been in the room when Amador entered.

Amador saluted the emperor, but the latter, without the slightest preamble, asked abruptly:

"Do you understand the art of obtaining gold and silver by means of the paint, *itschma?*"

"Your majesty," replied Amador, greatly surprised by this unexpected question. "I have never practised this art. I am familiar with it merely from the accounts of others, but along the coast there are Spaniards who understand it perfectly."

Inca Manco gazed at Amador in disappointment.

"Then you lie, or the others have lied. It is impossible to separate gold from the ore by that means," said he gloomily.

"Your majesty," said Amador quietly but in a tone which carried conviction, "whoever told you that it was impossible had certainly not made the trial in the right way. As a test, I would probably succeed in winning gold if I had the material."

"You shall have it," replied the Inca. "But you will be silent concerning it, or you will be put to death."

"I will do so," said Amador. "But your majesty *has* gold enough. Of what use will more

gold be to your majesty? I did not come here for this. Has your majesty learned of the death of Pizarro?"

"Every Spaniard is like Pizarro." replied the Inca coldly.

"Your majesty," continued Amador, "there are among the Incas also terrible as well as good men. There are even so among the Spaniards mild and good men who love peace. A new viceroy now rules in Lima."

"I know what you wish to say," Inca Manco interrupted him. "But I do not long to return to Cuzco. I am safe here, and you see that I still possess a terrible power. Above all things, I wish now to learn how gold is obtained by means of the red paint, and I will reward you for this secret in an imperial manner; you can even demand the hand of one of my daughters or sisters in return. Say what price you will demand."

Amador stood there in surprise. The Inca had fathomed his purpose. He must be frank, and therefore replied: "Your majesty, I would prefer to be silent, for if I ask for the only thing that is dear and precious to me in the land of Peru, I would make a mortal enemy of one of your majesty's bravest commanders, and his hostility would also rob me of your majesty's high favor."

Inca Manco frowned.

"There is but one will in the land of the Incas," he replied gloomily, "and that is mine. My word is law, before which all must bend. Name the man whose enmity you fear."

"Your majesty will understand me rightly," replied Amador. "In open conflict, on the battle-field, I fear no opponent. I only fear that a good work which I should like to accomplish, might be ruined by calumny. The man is the brave Inca Condor."

"What! would he envy you the price which you would ask?"

"Yes, your majesty, for I would beg for something which already half belongs to him."

The Inca smiled.

"Speak plainly," said he, gazing piercingly at Amador.

Amador was silent for a time. But then he replied firmly: "I would beg your majesty to allow Aclia to marry whom she wills."

"That cannot be, Calabrera," replied the Inca, with a smile. "I have promised Aclia's hand to the man who would free her from Pizarro's captivity, and bring her here in safety. Condor alone presented himself before me as her rescuer, and to him belongs her hand. To be sure," continued

the Inca slowly, "the matter is not yet definitely decided. In three days a herald will openly demand before the palace whether any one else will present himself as Aclia's rescuer, and contest his right with Condor. I have commanded that any one, whoever he may be, may leave his work, in order to appear upon the square at the right time, and even captives, if they desire, may be led to the square before my palace. I have spoken."

He made a gesture of dismissal to the Spaniard, and summoned his guards, in whose company he at once left the apartment.

Was it a wonder, then, that since that moment Amador was blind to all the charms of the imperial hunt? The Inca himself pointed out to him the way by which he might win Aclia. Was not that strange? And was it not strange that the emperor, whose store of gold was so rich, should desire yet more gold? But strangest of all was the fact that he supported the Spaniard against Condor, and indeed in a secret manner.

These were pure riddles for Amador. There were then intrigues at this court of an absolute monarch. Inca Manco and his minister of war, Condor, were also on hostile terms. Inca Condor had indeed so distinguished himself in recent battles, that he was honored by the Indians as a

national hero. His growing fame cast a shadow upon the form of Inca Manco, who in his youth had been a brave and skilful warrior, but his courage had, as it seemed, cooled by calm deliberation, and anxiety for the welfare of his subjects lay nearest his heart.

Amador's hopes rose afresh, and this time they seemed thoroughly justified. With burning impatience he awaited the day when he might contest his rights with Inca Condor.

X.

"WILL you not visit the llama herds on the plains?" said Captain Tupac to Amador, on the morning of the decisive day.

"Thank you, no," he replied. "I am tired and would prefer to remain at home."

He did remain at home, but from his window he could overlook the square before the palace. Gradually a crowd began to assemble there; but Amador did not hurry, he did not wish to appear too soon at the tourney place. He had plenty of time, he wished to surprise Condor. He sat there, however, in his room, ready to go out.

An hour elapsed. Then there was a blare of trumpets in front of the palace, announcing to the people that their ruler had left his apartment.

Amador rose.

"Take me to the square before the palace," said he to Tupac. But the captain frowned and replied: "I cannot do that. You are a prisoner, and I have no orders to take you there."

"You lie!" cried Amador excitedly. "According to the Inca's command, and your old laws, every captive has a right to be led to the square at this hour."

"You are a stranger," replied Tupac gloomily. "The laws of the Inca do not refer to you. Hold him fast!" he cried to his soldiers, as he saw that Amador wished to go in spite of him.

"Do not dare to touch me!" cried Amador, pointing to the Inca's *kippu*, which he always carried about his person. "Do you know the token of your emperor? You know that he who wears it can claim the same rights in the land as a native-born Peruvian. You are dead men if you do not respect your emperor's will. In the name of Inca Manco let me pass."

The soldiers drew back in alarm, and Captain Tupac followed his prisoner with a pale face. He was forced to act against his general's orders, for the word of the all-powerful emperor came first.

When Amador appeared in the square, Inca Manco was just appearing in all his regal splendor upon the platform before his palace, and seating himself upon his throne of gold. Around him stood the dignitaries of the realm, among them *Inca* Condor, at his side Aclia-Inez in a white

THE TWO SAVIOURS.

gown. Her eyes were lowered, and she was far from presenting the appearance of a happy bride.

Inca Manco watched her for a while, then he inspected the crowd. When he discovered among it the hat of the Spaniard he smiled contentedly. Inca Condor did not honor the crowd with a glance; he spoke to Aclia.

At a signal from the Inca the herald stepped forward. In a loud voice he reminded the people of the promise which the emperor had given to the man who should rescue his sister from the Spanish captivity and bring her alive and safe to Vilcabamba. Inca Condor asserted that he had done this, and demanded Aclia's hand; it was asked for the last time if any one was there to contest Inca Condor's rights.

There was deep silence in the assembled crowd. Then Amador raised his voice: "I contest it; let me come forward so that I may speak."

Cries of surprise came from all sides; the crowd divided, and Amador advanced to the open place, and paused at the steps of the platform.

He bowed deeply before the Inca, and began to relate in a loud, firm voice his experiences in the cave and his rescue of Aclia. He concluded with the words: "Inca Condor indeed freed Aclia from Pizarro's captivity, and brought her to the

spot where he sank down exhausted. Here she fell into my hands, into the hands of a Spaniard again. Inca Condor sat there, worn out and weak, and made no resistance when I took her in my arms and carried her like a child into the cave, where I warmed her, and called her back to life. At that time I could have killed Inca Condor, if I had been cowardly enough to feel no compassion for a helpless, unarmed man. He dragged himself behind me, and sank down unconscious at the entrance to the cave; I needed but to give him a push to send him over the precipice and down into fathomless depths, but I was sorry for him, and carried him also up to the warm fire. At that moment Aclia was my prisoner, the prisoner of a Spaniard, but as I knew her love for her emperor and brother and for her people I let her go free, I and no one else. So she was set free by me, and as she returned alive to Vilcabamba, she has me to thank for it. I contest Inca Condor's right to demand Aclia's hand because of his so-called rescue of her, for I too have the same right."

In unbounded fury, Inca Condor had sprung forward at Amador's first words, but the respect due the presence of the Inca imposed silence upon him; but when the herald now turned to him and asked: "Inca Condor, what have you to say in

reply to this?" all his rage, until then restrained, burst forth, and he cried, turning to the assemblage:

"Sons of the Inca people, do not believe the faithless words of a Spaniard. He lies a thousand times. He lurked in his cave like the savage jaguar of the wilderness, to surprise us, as his spies had informed him that we were in that part of the country. We were hunted by the Spanish executioners from place to place, day and night, without intermission. Ah yes, we did sink down utterly exhausted! then he fell upon us. He spared us our lives, it is true, but only that he might deliver us alive into Pizarro's hands again. The Spaniard thirsts for blood, he rejoices in the anguish of the tortured Inca. That robber and desecrator of temples, Pizarro, threatened that he would have Aclia tortured to death if we did not surrender to his robber hordes the valleys of Vilcabamba, where the banner with the rainbow still floats freely. This slave of Pizarro wished to deliver us alive into his master's hands, for this reason he bestowed our lives upon us. He merely waited until his boon companions who were pursuing us should overtake us, and then lead us back to the coast again. But the protecting gods of the Incas were propitious to us in that hour. I

recovered fresh strength, and when I stood face to face with him, man to man, I demanded Aclia from his hands, and threatened him, in case of refusal, with death. Then he was frightened and let us go, not from free choice, but in trembling fear. I tore from you, Spaniard, the sister of the Inca, and have but one regret, and that is, that I did not plunge this dagger into your heart in that cave, for you are here to-day as one of Pizarro's spies, and will bring misery upon the remnant of the free Inca land."

Inca Condor was silent.

Then the herald asked Amador: "Stranger in this valley, what reply have you to make? Have you any one who can testify for you against Inca Condor?"

Amador replied calmly: "Inca Condor, shame on you, to lie like a little child before your emperor and the people. Had I wished to keep you in my power, could I not have bound you a hundred times with ropes as you lay there helpless before me? I was sorry for Aclia, and therefore I rescued her, and let her go on her way with a happy heart. Believe me, better times will come, in which Indians and Spaniards may live together as brothers, and I have come here to bring about *these times.* But I do not quarrel with you. I

have a witness who can decide between me and you. It is Aclia, she may speak."

Then at a sign from the Inca the herald turned to Aclia and summoned her to testify.

She no longer stood there depressed and melancholy. The hues of life had returned to her face, and her eyes sparkled joyously. He, Amador, had bravely appeared to free her from the power of this man, whom she had despised from the bottom of her heart since that moment in the cave when he had wished to reward an act of benevolence with murder.

She stepped forward, and said, with her hand resting on her heart: "In the sight of the protecting gods of the Incas, this is what I testify: All that the Spaniard has said is true!"

A cry of astonishment passed through the crowd. Many pitied the brave Inca Condor, for the events which had taken place in the cave in the mountains had been concealed from the people, so that they should not unnecessarily be alarmed by learning that the Spaniards had also discovered this secret path to Vilcabamba. Condor had, therefore, been considered as Aclia's courageous rescuer; now he must share the fame of this brave deed, and with a Spaniard.

But Condor himself cried in a deeply pained

voice: "Aclia, you have forgotten your duty—you, a daughter of the Inca race. Your heart wavers between your tortured brethren and the strange robber. Woe to you, unfortunate one, for you will bring boundless misery upon our land!"

But the herald said: "My duties are ended. May the judges decide between the two."

The judges, the dignitaries of the realm, assembled in counsel. Before long, the eldest stepped forward, and communicated their decision to Inca Manco.

"Highest, mightiest of rulers, son of the sun; thou alone art the lord, all the world must obey thee in truth," said he. "Thou hast appointed us that we might decide according to the laws made by thy forefathers, and which thou hast confirmed. We have weighed the dispute between Inca Condor and the Spaniard Calabrera, who wears thy sacred protecting token, and have come to the following conclusion: Inca Condor did indeed free the maiden Aclia from the power of Pizarro, and bring her safely to the mountains. But he was too weak to complete his work of rescue; he could not have brought her alive to Vilcabamba, had he not been assisted by the Spaniard Calabrera. *So he completed* but a part of the task for which,

thou, highest, mightiest of sovereigns, hadst set the price.

"In regard to the Spaniard, he cannot assert that he freed Aclia from her captivity. She was free when he raised her unconscious form from the snow, and he did not make her his prisoner, for he raised her to rescue her, and not to deliver her to her pursuers. He himself admits that, and so he cannot contest the accomplishment of the first part of the task by Inca Condor. Great and worthy of admiration is the courage of our renowned leader. But the Spaniard is nevertheless undoubtedly Aclia's rescuer. Never would she have seen the valleys of Vilcabamba had not the Spaniard carried her into the cave, and there warmed her and brought her back to life; and. if Inca Condor was so weak, that without attempting resistance he permitted the Spaniard to lay hands upon the sister of our mighty ruler and emperor, he could never, in all human experience, have recovered sufficient strength to carry Aclia over the mountains. He too would have succumbed to the icy gale, and would have found death with her. He was forced, therefore, by higher powers, to leave his work uncompleted. There the Spaniard appeared, and continued this work of rescue, and brought it to a happy close.

He accomplished the second part of the task. May he demand the prize for this? Never, for he did but half of the work.

"If a prize of gold or silver ware had been offered for the task, in such a case we would divide it. But if the prize consisted of but a single work of art, a beautiful goblet, a figure, a masterpiece whose value lay not only in the quantity of gold but also in the work of the master, then the decision would be much more difficult, for we could not divide the work of art. The value would be thereby diminished, and neither of the two would receive the intended half of the prize, but less. We could then propose to have the value of the work of art estimated and each contestant paid half of the estimated value in other wares.

"But if it is difficult to divide a work of art in gold or silver between two contestants, how much harder is it to divide a human being, a work of art which comes from the hands of the gods! It cannot be divided, for it is inseparable; all the fibres of its being are so closely bound up in each other that two halves of a human being would be even less valuable than the halves of a work of art.

"It is also impossible to estimate the value of a human being. In a slave, youth, skill, and abil-

ity to work can be considered. But who can estimate the value of a free being, even were he the commonest man of the people? And here a princess, the daughter of the family of our mighty Inca, is the human being.

"Therefore we have decided that the prize cannot be divided. No one in the realm of the four suns has fully and entirely won it, and therefore it must return to those who offered it."

All had waited with the greatest interest the decision of Inca Manco which should confirm or overthrow the judgment. Breathless silence prevailed as he prepared to speak.

"I find the decision of the wise judges just and right," said he. "I and Aclia owe both rescuers thanks, and they may be sure of my royal favor. But Aclia remains in the house of my sisters. The contest is decided." The Inca then rose and returned to his apartments. His court followed him; Aclia and Condor also vanished into the hall of the palace, while Amador walked through the dispersing crowds to his quarters.

Among the common men of the people opinions varied. The soldiers, who idolized their leader, were dissatisfied, and murmured among themselves. "Only let an Inca stand before a Spanish judge," said they; "we would see then what rights

would be allowed him if he were opposed to a Spaniard. Atahualpa ruined himself by his long-suffering and love of justice. Inca Manco is following his example. The first Spaniard has already come to Vilcabamba, others will follow him, and the rainbow banner will fall here as it fell in Cuzco and Caxamarca."

Others, on the contrary, peaceable farmers and mechanics, said: "A new era seems to be at hand. The Spaniard said so. War will cease. Inca Manco will make peace with the strangers, and all will be well again in the kingdom of the four suns."

At court also, opinion was divided among the dignitaries of the land.

One party, formed of younger men, was for continuing the fight. They sent messengers into the region occupied by the Spaniards, and tried to incite the people to fresh revolt. They felt nothing but hatred for the Spaniards, and in their youthful confidence hoped for final victory. Inca Condor was their leader.

The others, the party of older, experienced men, saw that further resistance would be completely useless. They looked down upon Condor's heroic deeds with a certain depreciation, for these little skirmishes in which three or four Spaniards were killed did not change the political situation in

the slightest. The number of really capable warriors in Vilcabamba did not amount to more than ten thousand. The Spaniards had already defeated the army of the Inca when five times stronger, and now they were more to be dreaded than ever. They were also gradually winning allies among the Indians.

The realm of the four suns had originated by conquests, by the subjugation of single tribes. Formerly all these different elements had been united by common laws; now the bond was loosened, and the tribes along the coast submitted to their fate. They began to make common cause with the Spaniards against the Inca, in the apparently justified hope of thereby improving their condition.

The deplorable state of affairs, the need which threatened him face to face in Vilcabamba, has already been referred to.

Inca Manco listened to both parties. Up to this time he had preserved silence, but the party of elder men believed that the Inca inclined more to their views. They now ascribed the Inca's treatment of this Spaniard who had so suddenly appeared among them, and, more than this, was decorated with the Inca's protecting token, to this fact.

Condor remained in his apartments for the rest of the day, but his friends went among the soldiers, listened to their talk, and fanned the flame. They brought the general faithful reports of the army's feeling upon this subject. From captain to private, all were enraged that on this day the Inca had preferred a Spaniard to the courageous rescuer of the fatherland. Inca Condor now knew that he did not stand alone in the valley of Vilcabamba. In his eyes, Inca Manco was now a cowardly, good-for-nothing ruler, who cherished the intention of making peace with the Spaniards. Condor could no longer endure life in the capital. He hated Aclia now, since she clung to the Spaniard. He set out on one of his expeditions, that he might cool his hatred with Spanish blood. Inca Manco let him go, but commanded him to return in a week.

As imperial gold-maker Amador was of necessity brought in contact with the Peruvian artificers, so that he might have the necessary supplies of gold and silver amalgam placed at his disposal. As he obtained a deeper insight of the interesting methods of this peculiar industry, his curiosity was so excited that he even visited those workshops which were of no use to his undertaking.

He saw the potters at their work. The Peruvian

pottery industry, in regard to manufacture, excelled that of all the other peoples of America. Although the Inca Indians did not have potter's wheels, they yet could make utensils of extreme regularity of form. There were vessels of the coarsest kind, which were somewhat similar to the pottery of the lake regions in olden times, and carafes of exquisite workmanship, representing men, animals, and plants. This species was black, gray, or red, seldom yellow or blue, and were baked in ovens and covered with a transparent glaze. Then there were also original specimens, to which the Spaniards had given the name *silbador*, or pipes, examples of which can be seen to-day in European museums. Amador inspected one such specimen in astonishment. It consisted of two long-necked flasks, joined together in the middle. One of the necks was closed, and upon it sat a small, prettily executed figure of a man. The other neck was open. If a liquid were poured through the opening, the air in the other flask was compressed, and this escaped with a strange whistle, whose tones imitated the cries of various animals, and even the human voice.

The art of weaving was also highly developed in Peru. The weavers had an excellent raw ma-

terial in the cotton which was cultivated in the hot, moist valleys, and in the wool of the llamas, alpacas, and vicuñas, and also understood the art of dyeing in various brilliant colors. The cloth which was prepared from the wool of alpacas and vicuñas could be worn only by the Inca and nobles. It was of such fine texture and lustre that it looked like silk, and was at first taken for silk at the court of the emperor Charles V. But Peruvian industry reached a still higher plane in this art. They took the fine hair of the bat, and wove from this the finest and most delicate materials for their emperor. These were dyed different colors, and by combinations of ornaments and figures the most varied and tasteful patterns were made. Printing forms were even employed, partly of bark, partly of burnt clay. Fine garments were ornamented with beaten gold and silver, with brilliant feathers and precious stones.

Strangely enough, the use of wood was not as familiar to the Peruvians as that of other substances. While they knew how to mine gold, silver, and copper, and prepare bronze; while they built great buildings, although without arches, they were poor carpenters and but little skilled in wood-carving. They did not know how to build good bridges of wood, and contented them-

selves with weak hanging bridges. They had no carriages, no horses, the llama was their only beast of burden; but as a rule these animals could not carry a load of more than thirty-five kilogrammes, and for the passing of such animals with these loads the hanging bridges or the not especially well-built ferries sufficed.

Amador also found a theatre in Vilcabamba. The stage consisted of a slightly elevated room, protected by a straw roof from the rays of the sun, and to which three or four steps led from the theatre itself. Opposite the stage was the box of the ruler, also elevated. At the side of the spectators' room were the seats for the distinguished men of the kingdom, where these took their places strictly in accordance with their rank. In the pit were the low wooden benches for the people. The actors also sat among the audience until the time for their appearance, and at the end of the scene returned to their places. The actors were more honored in Peru than in Europe at that time, for the pieces which were given in the Peruvian theatre were historic spectacles, in which the great deeds of their ancestors were glorified, and the actors themselves were the most distinguished men of the realm, and even members of the Inca family.

There was also a band, for the Peruvians had acquired a certain skill in playing upon various instruments. Warlike music inspired the hearts of the men, the gentle notes of the pipes excited the women, and the court band could be spared as little at theatrical performances as at sacrificial feasts and other solemnities. But the Peruvians had not gone so far as to have an opera. They did not know how to sing; their throats were so unmusical that even later would-be proselytizers tried in vain to teach them the simple chants of the church.

The poems which were composed by poets appointed by the state were, therefore, not sung but recited, and according to their subjects accompanied by pipes, zithers, and trumpets.

Behind the cloister of the maidens of the sun lay the workshops of the goldsmiths. Here Amador had now taken up his quarters. At the Inca's command the Indians had brought him a quantity of cinnabar and gold ore.

He roasted the cinnabar, caught the quicksilver in clay retorts, had the ore ground up, and finally, on the sixth day of his efforts, he could show the Inca the first bit of gold obtained.

But during all this time the imperial gold-maker *did not* once catch a glimpse of Aclia. According

to her brother's strict orders, she retired to the cloister of the maidens of the sun, and the gold-maker must first succeed in the task set him.

What had passed between the Inca and his favorite sister after the decision of the judges, and when it was declared that her hand no longer was pledged to Condor, no one knew. No one knew of the prayers of thankfulness offered by Aclia, or was present at the long talks which she had with her brother, when she poured out her whole heart to him, and told him all she knew of the young Spaniard who had won her heart. The Inca listened to her rhapsodies with a melancholy smile. How had it been possible for his sister to forget that this man, however brave and noble, was yet one of the hated race, the enemies of her people, and their cruel oppressors? But the Inca was not blind to the advantages which might accrue to his sister from this marriage. As the wife of Condor she would be an exile; she could never hope to leave these mountains unless peace were made with the Spaniards, and Condor would never willingly make peace. Even should the Inca make peace, he felt sure that Condor would never submit to the Spaniards.

Once married to a Spaniard her future was secured in any case, thought the Inca, who saw only

too plainly that the time was coming when this little valley would no longer support the vast numbers which flocked to it as to a place of refuge.

And then Amador had sent word that he had succeeded; he stood before the Inca triumphant, he had kept his word.

"I now believe everything that you told Aclia," said the Indian emperor. "I will make peace with the Spaniards. Return to your new viceroy, and tell him that I will surrender to him if he will share the government of the land with me as with my predecessors. Let him make proposals to me. If he imposes conditions which I cannot agree to, I will turn to desperate remedies, and will once more call all the Indians of Peru to arms. But if you fulfil my wishes, I will reward you by making you ruler of this valley, and will give you my sister Aclia to wife."

Thus Amador felt that he had indeed come to Vilcabamba at the most propitious moment. Oh, had he but wings, that he might fly to Vaca de Castro in Lima! But the distance was great, he must return by the same path by which he had come. The Inca gave the guard at the ravine orders to allow him to pass unmolested.

He did not delay. He could not see Aclia even *for a moment*, for the Inca wished to keep the

arrangement secret. Amador was to leave the answer in the cave, it was agreed upon, and the Inca would have it fetched from there. The people were merely to suppose that, in consideration of Amador's having rescued Aclia, the Inca had allowed him simply to depart unharmed.

Thus the sly Indian ruler wished to favor openly neither of the two parties in his kingdom until he knew certainly what he could expect of the new viceroy.

Amador pleaded in vain for one short interview, however brief, were it in the presence of the Inca himself, but the ruler refused decidedly. The risk was too great to run. His plans must not be learned now, or their fulfilment might be rendered utterly impossible. The sooner Amador returned to the cave with the Spanish viceroy's reply, the sooner he could see Aclia. Nor would the Inca consent to bear any message to Aclia. Amador was forced to submit, and hastened his preparations for departure.

The Inca communicated to a few of his most trustworthy soldiers the fact that Amador de Calabrera, the Spaniard who had been of such great assistance in rescuing Princess Aclia, but for whom, in fact, she might have perished in the terrible snow-storm in the mountains, and to

whom he had granted his imperial *kippu*, was to be permitted to leave Vilcabamba unmolested. Thus the report he desired would be spread among his people. They might marvel, perhaps grumble, at the clemency thus shown, but there would be no risk of exciting the terrible uproar he feared should his true plans become known. These faithful soldiers were to serve as Amador's escort.

So in the afternoon Amador got into a litter; he was to be carried in this as far as the guard-house. There he would pass the night, and early in the morning would journey on through the ravine to the cave, and from thence to his block-hut and to Huamanca.

What would Alcan, the brave swordsman, say to his experiences? Now he need not conceal from him all his recent adventures; he could tell him that there really was a path over those mountains to Vilcabamba.

XI.

THE negro whom Amador had sent bound to his friend Alcan had not been taken at once to Huamanca. Not until five days after he had been sent away did he appear before Alcan's house, not bound, but perfectly free, and gay, accompanied by the two Indians as two good friends.

He smiled with satisfaction, for he had managed beautifully.

How astonished was Alcan as he listened to the man's story!

The negro had long since made his two Indian guards his confidants, and it had not been hard for him to persuade them to unbind him so that he might creep after his master. And he did creep after him. He had followed him everywhere as far as the ravine which led up the mountain toward the summit of the range. The negro, who possessed no *kippu*, suspected danger here. He waited until nightfall, and then found his way through the ravine. Having reached the summit

of the mountains, he climbed a tall bowlder, and lay here for the rest of the night. Peeping out from his place of concealment the next morning, to his joyful surprise he overlooked the distant valleys of Vilcabamba, and could even distinguish in the distance the Indian stations on the rocky walls of the ravine, and the guard-house in the forest.

Without moving, he remained all day in his hiding-place, and as his supply of provisions gave out, he returned half starved and terribly thirsty to the cave, where he refreshed himself with the remnant of Amador's supplies.

"Fellow," cried Alcan, "I should never have believed you capable of this! So then you are good friends with the Indians who lurk here along our paths. Good friends, or else you would not have walked so comfortably and unharmed along the mountain path into the lion's den, my fine Mr. Amador de Calabrera! Bravo, Moor! You shall guide us to the path. Pah! we can easily overpower the guard-house, we have already stormed other passes of the Andes. And when we have conquered the second gold land of Peru, we can settle down in peace and spend the days of our old age quietly."

Alcan would have in fact at once fitted out an

expedition had he been in command of a more respectable troop in point of numbers, but he had but fifty men, and he dared not venture to attack the Indians with such a weak force.

But this was to be a day of surprises for Captain Alcan. A Spanish trumpet rang out before the house of the governor of Huamanca; an orderly came from Lima, and presented a letter from the new viceroy to Alcan.

Alcan opened it with the greatest eagerness. What would the contents be? But when he read it his face fairly shone with joy, for the viceroy wrote that Captain Alcan was to set out to reduce the Inca in his valley of Vilcabamba to submission to the Spaniards, either by persuasion or force. And for this purpose the viceroy sent a hundred and fifty soldiers, who were already on the way, and could be expected to arrive in Huamanca at any moment.

With a hundred and eighty men Pizarro had in his time conquered the first Peru; with the fifty men at his disposal in Huamanca, Alcan had twenty more with which to conquer the second Peru.

He made no delay, but began at once to fit out the troops for their campaign. He would not use persuasion with the Inca, for he was a hard-hearted

opponent, this Inca, who had again and again set that Condor upon them. Should Alcan summon the Inca to lay down his arms and acknowledge Spanish supremacy, it would but be a warning to the bird of prey in his lofty eyry. No, he would surprise him, take this Indian ruler captive; then the viceroy could do with him what he would, could put him to death should he still resist, for the viceroy could then select a more submissive Inca from among the Indians.

But Captain Alcan was forced to take a lesson in patience. The expected troops did not arrive as quickly as he had hoped. Meanwhile he sent messengers to Amador's log hut to see whether Baron Amador de Calabrera had returned yet from his expedition into the mountains. The young man was to be taken prisoner, so ran the orders; but there were no signs of him. Either he was well satisfied with life among the Indians, or they had taken him prisoner.

Meanwhile Amador de Calabrera had arrived at the guard-house in the ravine. Evening was already close at hand, and the bearers returned with the litter.

Amador went into the guard-house. The soldiers ceased talking as he entered. He understood their behavior very well—he was the rival of their

idolized general; they hated him, the Spaniard, who thought himself superior to Inca Condor.

Amador walked to the window, and looked out into the woods. Twilight had descended, soon it would be dark, and so he looked about the room for a suitable night's resting-place.

It grew darker and darker. No light burned in the room, when finally the captain came and seated himself beside Amador.

"Is it true that Pizarro is dead?" he asked.

"It is true," replied Amador; "a new viceroy now governs in Peru."

"And how did he die?" asked the captain.

Amador was unpleasantly affected by this question. Should he tell the Indian soldiers of such breach of faith among the Spaniards?

"I was not in Lima at the time," he replied, "and do not know all the particulars," and he rose and began pacing up and down the room, hoping by this to avoid unpleasant questioning; but now the soldiers surrounded him and urged: "Pray tell us. You surely must have heard!"

Amador perceived their game, and tried to push past them.

"Let me alone!" he cried impatiently.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the soldiers. "He does not wish to."

"He does not wish to?" cried the captain. "Then bind him!"

And at this given signal ten arms clutched Amador in an iron grasp, and before he could look round he was bound hand and foot.

He was thrown upon the earth. The captain tore the *kippu* from his breast.

"This rag can now build a way for us to the palace," he cried, "and you shall stay here, accursed Spaniard; for know that from this hour Inca Manco is no longer the Inca. He shall die, the cowardly friend of the Spaniards. Inca Condor is our ruler, and Inca Condor will invite you to a wedding with Aclia. You shall celebrate it with the traitress upon the funereal pyre."

Derisive laughter of the soldiers accompanied these words, and the troop rushed out into the open air. But two men remained to guard Amador. Soon after, other bound captives were brought into the room; they were the secretive imperial *tschascis*, who had also been overpowered, so as to break all means of communication of the government.

But five men guarded these fresh captives. The rest of the soldiers assembled before the house.

"The fires glow upon the Capac Mountains!"

cried the captain. "Forward, you children, for Inca Condor!"

"Inca Condor!" rang from a hundred throats in the forest. The heavy tread of the soldiers was heard departing, then it grew more and more quiet; finally the last sound ceased, and only the locusts could be heard in the woods.

The guards, who had remained standing by the door and windows looking after their departing comrades, now kindled a light, and reassured the captive *tschascis* as to their fate. "Be of good courage," said they, "we must leave you bound, but the struggle will not last long. All the troops are descending from the mountains to advance upon the palace. At midnight Inca Condor will wind the *paitscha* about his head, will become our emperor, and then you will be set free, that you may serve a better, nobler ruler. You will then," they added, "go with us to the city to witness the spectacle of this traitor of a Spaniard meeting his death by fire, for he shall die the same death which so many of our people have had inflicted upon them by the murderous white robbers."

Then they turned to Amador, and overwhelmed him with insults and scornful remarks. They

even actually attacked him, pulling his beard and kicking him.

"Defend yourself, wretch," they cried, "if you are a son of the sun. You came here to inform yourself of our strength, and then to lead the Spaniards into the land by our secret paths. You have come to an agreement with Inca Manco, as to how you would ruin the remnant of the free Inca land. But Condor's eyes keep watch over the valley of Vilcabamba. Your purposes have been discovered, and you are now a prisoner here, and the secret of the path is hidden now as before from the Spaniards. You will receive your reward. To be sure, you will often appear at the imperial table, for Inca Condor will surely drink from your skull when the festivals of the kingdom of the four suns are celebrated."

Amador bore all this mockery and insult with silent composure. It was clear to him that he would never escape alive from this captivity. Only death could set him free from it, for from the speech of the soldiers he could realize the gravity of his position.

The chief power of the Inca army was now stationed at the boundaries of Vilcabamba, to protect the passes. Old warriors here formed the

mainstay of the army; warriors who had served in former campaigns under the late Inca, and who now looked up to the young Inca Condor, by reason of his military skill, with blind adoration and confidence. In the city itself was stationed only Inca Manco's body-guard.

Without doubt Condor had undertaken no expeditions against the Spaniards in the course of the last week. He had merely hurried to the various passes to place himself at the head of his rebel hordes. If only half or a third of the regiments adhered to him he would have taken the emperor captive in his capital in broad daylight. But now when night came to the assistance of his gloomy plans, the victory was even more sure to him. Amador knew that in the city of Vilcabamba no suspicions were entertained of the attacking column which was marching upon them at that very moment.

Poor Inca Manco! What a terrible awakening would be his this night! But more pitiable still did the helpless and weak maiden Aclia appear to Amador, for she was now hopelessly exposed to the vengeance of the furious Condor. Poor Aclia! Worse torments were perhaps now in store for her than those from which she had fled

at the court of Pizarro. Would she have strength to bear them? In his anxiety for her fate, Amador forgot his own unhappy situation.

Ah, how slowly the hours of the night passed! Midnight was long since passed. The Indian guards crowded around the window, and looked out at the dark heavens, seeking a signal from the city.

At last a red light flashed up over the tree-tops. It grew brighter and brighter; a cry of joy came from the soldiers, and they shouted: "Inca Condor has conquered. Long live our emperor, Condor!"

But what was that? With these cries mingled others which came from the ravine—a cry which sounded like an alarm.

The soldiers listened intently, but the cry was not repeated. One after another, however, declared that he had heard it distinctly.

"It was but an echo of our call," said a third.

"I heard nothing," said a fourth.

Finally they went out in front of the house to see what was going on.

All was still outside. They listened. Then a sound like the creaking of heavy armor was heard, but this sound came more from the woods, not from the ravine. Could their comrades who had

hastened to the assistance of Inca Condor have returned already? Impossible.

A strange dread seized the commander of the guard. The ravine was occupied by but three posts which had not yet been relieved. All the other soldiers had set out against their brother enemies. Inca Condor had indeed commanded that but half of the guards should join his forces, and the other half remain to occupy the ravine. But how could the Spaniards appear in this pass this night! No one had wished to remain behind, all wished to assist Inca Condor in his struggle, and the rebellion put an end for the time being to discipline.

All this now flashed through the mind of the commander of the weak force. He took two men with him and resolved to make the rounds.

He challenged the nearest post. No answer.

He repeated his call, only his own voice echoed from the ravine. He went on; perhaps the sentinel had fallen asleep.

But with a piercing cry he started back, for in the dim starlight strange armor flashed before his eyes, and at this moment, he and his two companions sank down under fierce sword-thrusts, given them by a half-invisible enemy.

Amador was roused from his gloomy thoughts

by this piercing cry of the Indians. What was going on out there? Did the conflict rage here also? Had Inca Manco learned in time of the treachery of his general, and had he been before him? Amador had no time to ponder upon this; the thought merely flashed through his mind, when suddenly another cry rang out in front of the house:

"Santiago!"

Amador's heart beat rapidly. Santiago! Good heavens, that was the battle-cry of the Spaniards! Could his ears have deceived him? No.

"Santiago!" rang out a second time, and this time he could plainly distinguish the clashing of Spanish arms. What a heavenly sound to the ear of the captive! Had God sent his brothers to his rescue?

"Santiago!" now cried a single voice. Ah, Amador knew it well, it was Alcan's deep voice. "Santiago!" cried the old swordsman. "The two dogs are dead before they had a chance to light the signal fire to alarm Vilcabamba. But it is accursedly still in there. Can those three men have been the entire guard? Be careful, men, there is a light burning in there."

"Alcan—Santiago!—Alcan!" cried Amador at the top of his voice.

"Hello," said Alcan, "was not that Spanish? Alcan, Santiago?" Then he called out: "In the name of the blessed Trinity, are you a Spaniard or a ghost? Answer!"

"I am Amador de Calabrera. Come in, Alcan, there are only bound men here. Come quickly and loose my bonds. War rages in Vilcabamba."

"Yes, that is his voice!" cried Alcan. "Forward, comrades! Protect yourselves with your shields. Santiago! Beware of treachery!"

Covering himself with his shield, Alcan stepped cautiously through the doorway, and into the interior of the guard-house. He surveyed the strange scene in astonishment. Where he had thought to find a fierce enemy in the background, he now saw six bound Indian runners, and his comrade Amador in the same helpless condition. He quickly drew his dagger, and while he cut the cords with which Amador's hands and feet were bound, he said to him quickly: "I am here with two hundred men. I wish to take the Inca prisoner. Do you know the way? Take us there quickly, so that we may take advantage of the darkness."

Amador sprang up and threw his arms around Alcan's neck.

"No childishness!" cried the captain roughly. "To business, cavalryman. Report!"

Amador briefly related what he had learned during the night.

"Inca Condor must have conquered," he finished his report. "The Indians said so. You will, therefore, find the whole army united in the valley of the capital city. But we can never reach it before dawn."

"Excellent!" cried Alcan. "Then the second conquest of Peru has its Huascar and Atahualpa. Forward, then! Fifty men can occupy the pass, a hundred and fifty will suffice to storm the city."

"Leave no one here behind, take them all with you," Amador said warningly. "The enemy is stronger than you think."

"I thank you for your good advice, dear Amador," replied Alcan, "but I have no desire to be bound like you. Pah, one Spaniard is sufficient against a thousand Indians. We have muskets. We will wake the thunder in the valleys of Vilcabamba!" He went out of the guard-house and arranged his troops. He himself marched at their head, with Amador.

The way through the forest was broad and deserted. They reached the nearest post station. Here too the runners were bound.

"Excellent!" cried Alcan. "All honor! The rebellion was excellently planned. Ah, Inca Con-

dor understands such matters. But he had no suspicion that he had smoothed the way for us. We will come very unannounced!"

He granted the soldiers a short rest, and commanded them to take some refreshment. At the first break of dawn he pushed forward.

XII.

At the hour when Amador had prepared to leave the city, Inca Manco had left his apartments and gone to the temple of the sun.

He had first plucked flowers in his garden and twigs from the bushes. When his courtiers saw this they withdrew, for they knew that their emperor was about to perform some act of worship at which no one could be present.

Inca Manco opened a small door in the wall which surrounded the temple and entered the sacred garden, in which stood gilded trees and statues of animals. In comparison with the golden garden which had once existed in Cuzco, this was but the work of a bungler, and Inca Manco sighed as he gazed around it and thought of the former wealth and magnificence of the temples of Peru.

Through this garden flowed a small brook, and toward this the Inca turned his steps. His thoughts were now occupied with the sun-god; he confessed his sins to him and then threw the

bundle of twigs which he had broken into the water. As the stream carried away this bundle, so should his sins be taken away from him.

The anxious ruler turned to the temple, his heart somewhat relieved of its burden of care. In the entrance hall stood priests, who now bowed deeply before the descendant of the sun. They remained behind, allowing the Inca to pass alone through a suite of chapels, richly decorated with gold, these chapels being consecrated to different stars of the heavens, until finally he entered the chief sanctuary. This also was an imitation of the famous temple of Cuzco. All the walls and doors were richly covered with gold; upon the wall lying opposite the entrance, rose the huge likeness of the sun-god, the son of the creator of the world, whom the Peruvians particularly worshipped and from whom the Inca was supposed to be descended. It was the size of a wagon-wheel; the golden rays radiating from it were thickly studded with turquoises and emeralds.

At the right and left of the great image of the sun sat two *mallachis*, or Inca mummies, on golden stools, robed in their imperial splendor, with bowed heads and arms crossed over their breasts. A thin bit of gold-leaf covered their dried eyes, their feet rested upon the gold plat-

form which in life had served the same purpose for them, and upon which the golden stools also rested.

These were the only mummies of the many glorious but departed emperors which the Peruvians had been able to save from Spanish greed and bring with their adornments to the valley of Vilcabamba. They sat there before the sun image, united in death with their ancestor, for the first Inca, the people believed, was a son of the sun god who had been sent to the earth to make the people of Peru happy.

Golden rays of the sun shone into the temple and lit up the image of the god.

"O mighty god," said the Inca, "I know the command which thou gavest to my ancestors, thy children. 'When you have converted this unhappy people!' thou saidst to them: 'You may rule over them. Rule with kindness, mildness, consideration, and justice. Consider yourself their good parents, your subjects as your dear children. Take example from me, your father, who shows kindness to the whole world, lets his light and radiance shine over every one, so that men may see and pursue their various occupations. I warm them when it is cold, I let their seed and harvest prosper, their trees bear fruit, their herds increase;

I send rain and clear weather in due season; each day I travel around the world to ascertain the needs of every land, and supply the inhabitants with what they need—I, the all-powerful benefactor of humanity. You must copy my example, for you are my children, sent on earth by me, solely and alone to convert those unfortunate people who live like animals, and to show them kindness. I have made you rulers and kings so that you may convert these people by persuasion, and subjugate them by your good works and just government.'

"O god of the sun, we have faithfully obeyed thy commands. The kingdom of the Incas was flourishing, and all just persons within its bounds were happy and at peace. But these strange men have destroyed all, our armies have been scattered by them like spray before the wind. O Lord, are they too thy sons? Dost thou really command that we bow before them, and surrender the rule to them? Give me a sign, O Lord, whether I shall make peace with them; let my priests divine truly thy will from the intestines of the sacrificial animals; and graciously accept these flowers and the incense which I burn before you in child-like love."

With these words, the Inca laid the flowers down before the altar. Then he seized a golden

concave mirror, went up to the altar, lit up by the rays of the sun, and by means of these rays reflected in the mirror he lighted several bushels of dried cotton, and with this kindled the sacrificial flame, in which he strewed incense.

After the Inca had completed the sacrifice, he passed through a door which, contrary to all the others, was covered with plates of silver, into an adjoining chapel. This was consecrated to the Killia, or goddess of the moon and queen of the heavens. Her silver image adorned the wall, and the chapel was decorated with silver alone. Silver was considered the symbol of moonlight, in distinction from gold, which was an attribute of the sun. The goddess of the moon and queen of the heavens was the Incas' protecting goddess of married women, and so the mummies of the wives of former emperors sat here, richly robed, in their silver chairs.

This chapel was not empty like the others. Among the forms of dead empresses stood a slender maiden's form robed in dazzlingly white garments, and gazed mournfully at the image of the silver goddess.

She did not hear Inca Manco approach her over the softly carpeted floor.

He watched her for a while, then softly laid his

hand on her shoulder. She started as though waking from a dream, and turned toward him in affright.

"Ah, it is you, my brother!" cried she, in a relieved tone.

"My sister," he replied, "dearest of all my sisters, it is well that in this hour you also pray to the gods of the Incas. We always need their protection, and they will perhaps graciously give me a sign in these sad hours."

Aclia pondered for a while, then she said softly: "O my brother, there are many signs which the gods give us. The priests think that with the intestines of sacrificed animals they can read the future, but the Almighty God in Heaven has placed a warning voice in the hearts of His children. When we waver, these voices speak, and whoever can renounce the deceit of the world, hears in his heart the voice by which God speaks to him."

"It needs must be a prophet who can read the future in his own bosom," replied Inca Manco. "This grace is lacking in me. I may not cast a prophetic gaze into the future. I struggle with a thousand doubts. The future of my people lies dark before me, and I do not know whither to lead them, whether to battle, which may end in defeat, or to peace, which imposes upon us a disgraceful

dominion. Tell me, my sister, how do the Spaniards pray to their God? Have they no reverence for sanctuaries, that they thus plunder our temples? Whom do they put in the place of the sun, which yet is visible to all?"

"My brother," replied Aclia, "you know yourself that the sun-god Intli did not create the world. According to the belief of our fathers he is the son of the creator of the world, Pachacamac, to whom we formerly built no temple, whom we honored in every place, since he is omnipresent by day as well as by night. Such an all-powerful, omnipresent God, creator of heaven and earth, do the Spaniards worship. As in primeval times Pachacamac took compassion upon the savage people of Peru and sent his children, Manco Capac and Mama Aclia, to make them happy, even so did the God of the Christians, the Creator of the world. More than a thousand years ago He sent His Son on earth, to bring happiness to all men."

"And this Son of God conquered the distant country of the Spaniards, and established His dominion there. He taught the Spaniards to forge iron, and to wield thunder and lightning in battle. He taught them to build the great sea-houses in which, driven by the wind, they traverse the

boundless seas. In truth, He was a mighty Son of God, this ancestor of the Spanish emperors."

"You are mistaken, my brother," replied Aclia. "The Christian's Son of God did not cover Himself with the glory of warlike deeds and wise inventions. He did indeed wear a crown, but it was a crown not of gold and jewels, but of thorns, which men pressed down upon His head. When He came among men and announced His heavenly mission, but a chosen few believed Him; the people rose against Him, martyred and crucified Him. He died, but on the third day He rose again from the dead, and then ascended to Heaven, to His divine Father."

Inca Manco shook his head. "And what did He teach," he asked his sister, "that so enraged the people with Him?"

"He taught," said Aclia slowly, "that all men were children of one and the same Father, the Almighty God of heaven, and should, therefore, love each other as brothers and sisters. He taught that men should forgive their enemies, love them, not hate them; and that after death a new life begins for us, for that our souls are immortal. He promised that those who are good and keep His commandments shall enter into the Heavenly Father's mansions, there to live in perpetual hap-

piness, but the wicked He threatened with the torments of eternal damnation."

"Aclia," cried Inca Manco, "our old, sacred Inca belief is surely much prouder and more beautiful. I would not exchange it for the belief of the Christians.

"There are many points of similarity in both beliefs," replied Aclia, "and yet there is a vast difference between them. According to the belief of the Christians, our earthly existence is but a time of probation, from which the good enter into eternal bliss. I think this belief must have a consoling power in certain conditions of life. Imagine an emperor overthrown from the summit of his power by his enemies, dragged a captive to far-off lands, exposed to humiliations of every kind. What torments such a dethroned, humiliated emperor must suffer! But if he knows that our short earthly life is but a time of probation; that the Heavenly Father above rewards not victories in war, but only the virtues of the heart with eternal happiness; then if he has lived a virtuous life, the splendor of the throne will seem nothing to him in comparison to the perpetual radiance above. Then he will bear his sufferings and humiliations in silent submission, for he knows that the more he has been tried here

on earth by God, the happier will he be in eternity."

"In truth a strange belief," said Inca Manco. "Oh, it does not surprise me that the Spaniards wish to force it upon my people! That would indeed be a high consolation for tortured, persecuted beings. But, Aclia, they themselves do not act in accordance with this belief. Their hearts cling to the glories of this world. They indulge in the grossest lusts—they are murderers and robbers."

"They are such against the commands of their priests, and according to their religion they will be punished by God's anger. Such deeds as they have committed here are forbidden by the teachings of Christ, for the Son of God came not to the Spaniards alone but to all the people of the earth, and in His prophecies it can be read that some day all the people of the earth will profess this belief. Mighty gods of other peoples have sunken in the dust before this teaching. The time of fulfilment is at hand. Do you not suspect it, dear brother? A powerful army has raged like a storm over Peru, but the clouds will scatter, the sun will once more shine out victoriously, and upon the ruins a new purer world will arise. Spaniards and Indians will clasp each other's hands as brothers. All will be better in the land of the

four suns, and happy will be the ruler under whose sceptre this change shall be effected."

Inca Manco drew back from his sister pale and alarmed. "Aclia," he cried in a trembling voice, "your words announce misery, you prophesy the downfall of the gods of Peru. Unhappy girl, you defame them in their holy sanctuary. I have misunderstood you, Aclia, have I not? You merely repeated what has been told you; you will offer to the silver goddess of the moon, in child-like love, the sacrifice she demands, will you not? Aclia, have you forgotten that those who defame the gods are burned to death before the temples of the gods they have defied?"

She remained perfectly calm, and with a peaceful smile she answered her brother: "Here I am, dear brother. You may order me to be sacrificed. I will think of the Son of God whom men crucified. I know that death will but open to me the portals of everlasting rapture."

"Apostate!" cried Inca Manco in an agonized voice, and covered his face.

"Why do you despair, my brother?" continued Aclia. "In Pachacamac, in Cuzco, in a hundred other places, the gods of Peru are overthrown. You yourself despaired of their power in this moment. You were right, my brother. You are

called to convert your people to the new God, so that murder and pillage may cease in Peru and love may prevail among mankind."

He stared at her for a long time. Aclia's words had opened a new world to him, had told him of a belief which could afford a hard-pressed man, such as he was, true consolation. But at this moment the forms of Pizarro, Almagro, and the shades of Atahualpa and thousands of murdered Indians rose to his mind. He drew back from his sister in horror, and said gloomily: "Deluded girl, at this price no Inca will make peace. Now I know what I must do. Battle is my decision, should I even be left lying dead under the ruins of this temple. Avaunt, apostate!" he then cried. "Await your punishment in the cloister of the maidens of the sun."

"May God enlighten you, brother!" said she, and went slowly away.

Inca Manco gazed after her gloomily.

XIII.

In the palace of Inca Manco the courtiers waited for their sovereign. The evening repast was ready, but he did not appear. He still tarried in the temple of the sun-god, but he no longer stood in the holy of holies, but remained in the broad sacrificial hall, surrounded by the priests.

The *nacacs*, or temple slaughterers, dragged in the animals appointed for sacrifice, Llamas of black fleece, the color most acceptable to the sun-god. They brought these animals before the chief priest, who was present in all the splendor of his official robes, a long, dark garment without sleeves, and a girdle; over this a white garment, also without sleeves, reaching to the knees, and ornamented with gold and precious jewels, and bordered at the bottom with a red fringe of the finest wool. Both bare arms were loaded with golden bracelets studded with jewels; on the left arm hung, fastened to the broadest bracelet, a little concave *golden* mirror, by means of which the sacred fire

of the sun temple was kindled. White sandals of the finest wool encased the feet. Upon his head he wore a tiara, above which rested a golden diadem, thickly studded with emeralds and adorned with a golden sun and gay araras feathers, which diadem was fastened under the chin by a crescent of gold.

Around the chief priest were assembled the *hamurpas*, or augurs, who predicted the future from the stars, the flight of birds, and the smoking intestines of the sacrificed animals.

To-day the oldest *hamurpa* was to render this service to the gloomy Inca standing at his side.

The chief priest designated one of the young llamas. Four *nacacs* seized it by the legs, for it was forbidden to bind sacrificial animals, threw it to the ground, turned its head toward the east, and opened its left side. The *hamurpa* advanced, and tore out the intestines, that he might read the future. He could have seen nothing favorable, for his face darkened.

A second llama was seized and the same performance enacted. The *hamurpa* discovered signs of misfortune alone in this second trial.

The gods also announced misfortune by the intestines of the third animal, and the eldest *hamurpa* began his speech. "Misfortune threatens

thee, O Inca! The enemy tarries in thy immediate vicinity. He has risen against Intli and against thee. Only through the death of the defamer of the gods can the misfortune be averted."

A fearful cry of misery and grief from all present, both priests and slaughterers, concluded the speech of the augur.

Inca Manco grew pale. He knew what sacrifice the priests required of him, but he loved his sister too deeply to allow her to be put to death. Her words had roused him to great excitement. He too traced the tokens of a new era. The god of the Spaniards was mightier than the sun-god. The conflict raging within him was not yet decided. The enemy tarried in his immediate vicinity, so said the augur. That was no new idea for Inca Manco, he had long carried it in his bosom. He had wished to suppress it, but it burst forth with even more violence. Inca Manco knew this enemy—he was Inca Condor, the darling of the army.

To-day was the eighth day, upon which he had been commanded to return by Inca Manco. Whoever did not obey the emperor's command was punished with death, whether he were of high or low degree. Blind obedience to the emperor was the first command in the land of the Incas.

The sun was setting. The Inca entered the dining hall, his eyes scanned the assembly. Condor was missing. "Tell Condor to come and report himself to me!" he commanded one of his high officers.

The man stood there in confusion.

"Mighty ruler, Condor has not yet returned."

Inca Manco frowned; he gazed out at the top of the mountain, upon which the last rays of the sun rested. Perhaps Condor also looked up at this mountain. Did he know that it was the last sunset for him?

A painful stillness reigned in the assembly. All present divined the Inca's thoughts, and their eyes were fixed upon the ground.

Then a messenger arrived covered with dust. He approached the Inca and fell upon his knees before him. "Hail, hail to our emperor!" cried he. "Condor sends me with the message that he has descended from the passes, and will arrive, richly laden with booty, in the palace about midnight."

"Who gave Condor permission to tarry in the passes at this time?" said the Inca. "In my realm no bird may fly without my permission, and Condor is detaining thousands against my will and commands? Tschalci Yupanci," he con-

tinued, turning to the commander of his body-guard, "go to meet him, and punish the disobedient man with death, according to the law of the land."

Tschalci Yupanci rose and silently left the hall, accompanied by a few men. This order was very repugnant to him, and his feet moved as heavily as though they were of lead.

Inca Manco glanced over the assembly again. There sat the dignitaries of his land, silent; not one of them seemed to be pleased; there stood his body-guard with gloomy faces. Inca Condor was their darling also. Why should he be punished with death? Perhaps because he had gone too far in pursuit of the hated Spaniards. Perhaps because he had wished to make use of his victory to remain longer on the battle-field, for Inca Condor would surely return as victor, or else he would not be Inca Condor.

They pity him, they cling to him, thought Inca Manco, but they will mourn for him a few days and then forget him.

But Tschalci Yupanci thought otherwise. "O Inca Manco, Condor is more valuable to you than an army. Your decision is like a lost battle. You thereby deprive the passes of Vilcabamba of the most faithful, most unwearied watcher. But

THE DEATH OF INCA MANKO.

you are my lord and emperor; I must obey you." But in front of Tschalci Yupanci hurries a fleet-footed runner. He carries a small bundle in his hand. What secret message may it contain? The runner has disappeared from Tschalci Yupanci's sight, but yonder on that hill flames up the fire of a post station. After a while, a second fire flashes from a greater distance. Truly these runners of the Inca are fleet.

It is already night, and cold in the valleys of Vilcabamba. Tschalci Yupanci nevertheless does not hasten his steps. He has the Inca's token of authority with him indeed, but will Condor allow himself to be so easily and without resistance arrested and beheaded? Strange doubts overcome the old soldier. It is a season of universal doubting for the Peruvians.

Then Tschalci Yupanci perceives the thud of heavy steps. Upon the crest of the hill which rises before him appears a compact black mass of soldiers; here and there he catches the gleam of a golden helmet, upon which the moonlight glitters.

He comes. That is Condor's army!

The officers in the front ranks discover Tschalci Yupanci. They turn aside into the plain, and make room for fresh troops, who come over the crest of the hill. Condor does indeed bring an

army with him, two regiments; what are these to do in the city?

At the head of the regiment stands Inca Condor.

"In the name of Inca Manco," Tschalci Yupanci begins his painful speech—but he stammers and pauses. Before him stands a ruling Inca. Condor, in the attire of the ruling Inca of Peru, with the feathers of the miraculous bird *corekenke* on his head. Tschalci Yupanci fairly staggers. Ah, now he understands why Inca Manco had pronounced sentence of death—but his word was of no power here; to carry out his sentence a whole army would be required.

The brave men in the passes of the Andes have declared Inca Condor ruling Inca. The colonel of the imperial guard bows his knee before the rebel; he exchanges masters to preserve his life.

Inca Condor smiles scornfully; he places the colonel with his companions under guard, and the dark procession sets out again in rapid motion.

From many mountain-tops now flash flames suddenly. Inca Condor has been informed by a faithful *tschasci* of his death-sentence. Inca Manco had then been warned, so Inca Condor alarmed all his adherents in the mountains, so that they might fall upon the enemy from all sides.

All is silence in the palace of the Inca. The

watching pages move about noiselessly on felt soles. No one ventures to disturb the emperor's sleep. Even the bat which flies out upon its nightly hunt cuts through the dark night air with noiseless motion of its wings.

But of what use is the very silence of the grave when our minds are filled with dark forebodings, and conscience raises its warning voice? The deepest sleep would be driven away.

Inca Manco lies on his couch, his eyes wide open, and stares at the golden lamp which fills the sleeping apartment with a faint, soft light. He stares at the light, for the play of the uncertain shadows confuses him. Fearful forms emerge from these shadows. Now Condor's bloody head, now his headless trunk, now Spanish executioners, now shades which resemble the mummies of dead emperors. They raise their hands threateningly, they shake their heads repellantly. The shades of the great dead sit in judgment upon the living emperor.

Inca Manco closes his eyes, but the shadows continue to float before his mental vision; great drops of sweat stand out upon the forehead of the tortured man.

Then the silence of the night is broken by confused cries, which seem to come from a distant part

of the city. Then signals of horns ring out, announcing the entrance of troops into the city. He is returning, Tschalci Yupanci. It is accomplished. How could it be otherwise? He, the Inca of Peru, has commanded. Tschalci Yupanci brings the head of the arrogant Condor.

A strange music: one horn answers another. That was in the north, now one answers from the south.

Inca Manco springs up from his couch. What can that mean? The noise of horns now comes from all sides, and now they are all blown before the palace. The body-guard sounds the alarm, and cries of "To arms! To arms!" suddenly ring out through the palace, until then so still.

To arms!

The Inca also follows this cry. He throws his mantle about him, he seizes his shield and his massive club. His pages rush in.

"What is the matter?"

They do not know. They tremblingly seek protection for themselves with their ruler.

A loud clash of arms resounds from the palace entrance, and cries from thousands of throats ring out from beneath the windows:

"Long live Inca Condor! Down with traitors! Death to the Spaniards! Long live Inca Condor!"

Then the emperor grows pale and approaches the window. Hundreds of spears flash before him. He is lost, and the weapon sinks from his hand.

The pages bolt the door, but it is burst in by the furious blows of the attacking party. A troop of savage fellows rush in, and Tschalci Yupanci stands before Inca Manco.

"Inca Manco," says he gloomily to the emperor, "prepare yourself for death. You die at the command of our master and emperor, Inca Condor."

"I am ready," replied the emperor, and kneeling down, he murmurs softly to himself: "Aclia, Aclia, your God is the God of unhappy and miserable ones. Pray to Him for me."

These were his last words. In a few moments Inca Manco was no more, and the rebel horde retire through the corridors. Tschalci Yupanci bears the bloody head of Inca Manco, to lay it at the feet of the new emperor, Inca Condor.

XIV.

INCA CONDOR was now absolute master of Vilcabamba. All the troops near the city joined his forces the same night. He let them rest, and at dawn sent them back to their posts. But first he wished to afford them a spectacle which should rejoice the heart of every true Peruvian. At sunrise the Spaniard should be sacrificed.

Human sacrifice was a remnant of barbarism among the Peruvians, otherwise so cultivated. It was indeed practised only on rare occasions, such as the crowning of a ruler, his marriage, or as a festival in honor of victory.* The victims were not always prisoners of war. Men and women were sacrificed whom the priests had persuaded that after their death they would be admitted without further probation into the world of the gods whom they worshipped in the temple, there to serve them. They described to these sacrificial

* John Fiske and other reliable authorities deny that human sacrifices were ever offered under the Inca rule.

victims, so relate the historians of Peru, that other world in a manner convenient to their own purposes, and the people believed them. The men put on garments of fine woollen stuff, adorned themselves with golden head-dresses, chains and bracelets, and covered their feet with fine white sandals, which they fastened on with woven gold ribbons. When they had listened to the lies of the priests, and had believed them to be the truth, the latter handed them great golden goblets filled with the native liquor, or *tschitscha*, made them drunk, recited solemn hymns of praise, and announced that these had sacrificed their lives in this manner in order to serve their gods, and went to meet their death joyously. Hereupon the sacrificial victims were strangled. Small bundles, such as they might have carried in life on a journey, were then fastened upon the shoulders of the corpses, a golden pitcher was put in the hands of each, and they were buried around the temple. These victims were henceforth considered saints, and no one doubted that they had gone to another world to serve their gods. The women destined to be sacrificed were decked out in an equally magnificent fashion, in gay fine woollen garments, bright feathers, golden pins and other ornaments. After they had adorned themselves, they received an abun-

dant quantity of liquor, were then strangled, and buried.

To-day only one enemy and captive was to be sacrificed to quench Inca Condor's thirst for vengeance.

But where was the Spaniard? He was sought for. At length it was learned that he had left the city, and in the same moment came the news from the guard-house in the ravine where the small detachment was left to guard, that he had been imprisoned there.

The Spaniard imprisoned in the ravine! With the wild joy which this news caused Inca Condor, an oppressive feeling of anxiety was mingled. Spaniards in the ravine! That had been the alarm cry for many a day. At present it was but a captive Spaniard, but the thought that at this moment, when he entered into his power, the passes of Vilcabamba had unnecessarily been deprived of their guards, made Inca Condor uneasy.

He thought of sending two runners to the ravine to learn the state of matters there, but he delayed and finally relinquished the idea, for why should he show his needless anxiety to his army at this moment?

He therefore gave orders that one of the divisions of troops which had made the shortest march

should set out at once for the ravine, and dispatch the captive, with a guard, to the palace.

But he himself entered the palace of the late Inca, to speak with Aclia. A wild hate flashed in his eyes; he wished to inform her of the death sentence, and command her to take part in the sacrifice. She should hand the accursed Spaniard the goblet containing the death drink, and should then be sentenced to perform the lowest services in the cloister of the sun maidens; for Inca Condor loved her no longer, he hated her with all his heart.

The palace captives were led before him—the little sons of Inca Manco, who stood there weeping and unhappy, the broken-hearted queen, other relatives of Inca Manco, men and women, whom Condor scarce honored with a glance.

"Where is Aclia?" he asked, with a frown.

At Inca Manco's command she was to remain in the cloister of the sun maidens, was the answer.

He ordered her to be brought before him, and went out into the square before the palace, to watch the preparations for the festival.

Through the wide-opened doors of the temple the mummies of the Incas and their wives were being carried out into the square. They were to be present at the festive ceremony.

These mummies of the Incas of Peru in the temple were treated, to a certain extent, as living beings, and were honored accordingly. When an Inca died his successor did not occupy the imperial palace, but built a new one. He did not claim the golden ware and ornaments for himself; these remained in the palace of the dead ruler, where dwelt the wives, children, and numerous servants of the deceased. These servants now took care of the mummy, which was washed and provided with food, which was eaten for the mummy by the guards, who did everything for it, even to speaking for it. When all the servants of the dead emperor died, others gladly volunteered for this service of the dead in the temple, for the life led by these mummy-guards was an easy one. Often the mummies expressed a wish, through the mouth of their guards, to visit each other. Then one was carried into the presence of the others, and a princely banquet prepared. But the mummies also participated in great religious and public festivals; on such occasions they were brought out to the square at sunrise and remained there until sunset. At night they "slept" again in the temple, to appear the next morning again among the people. This went on for days and weeks, as long as the great feasts of the Peruvians lasted.

The festival which Inca Condor to-day inaugurated was more a feast of the army than of the people. The army rejoiced over their new ruler, who with its consent had wound the red *paitscha* around his head; the people were still horrified and frightened at the act.

Inca Condor from time to time glanced over at the entrance to the cloister of the sun maidens. A number of people were going in and out there, but they were merely engaged in fetching great casks filled with *tschitscha*, which was furnished to the soldiers, wearied by their long night's march. Aclia did not appear. Aclia had disappeared, without leaving a trace.

Inca Condor fairly foamed with rage; but she could not escape from the valley of Vilcabamba, the passes were too well guarded, and what reception could she expect from the Spaniards, from whose captivity she had escaped? Inca Condor sent messengers in all directions, with commands to all his subjects to seize Aclia wherever she was found, and bring her at once to Inca Condor in the palace.

The crimson flush faded from the eastern sky, and a golden radiance lit up the tall, snow-capped mountain peaks surrounding the valley of Vilcabamba.

The festival began, and the chief priest emerged from the temple of the sun-god, arrayed in all his magnificence, to drink to the imperial mummies.

The army of the Inca, or rather that part of it at present in the city, formed a wide circle around the square. Inca Condor himself mounted a throne which had been hastily erected for him, and gave the signal for the festival to begin.

Then a *tschasci* came running down the street at the top of his speed. He made his way through the ranks of soldiers, sprang before the throne of the new Inca, and, gasping for breath, cried in a hoarse voice: "The enemy—the Spaniard—the enemy is at hand!"

With these words, he tottered and, struck by apoplexy, fell to the ground dead.

The language of the Peruvian Indians had no numerals, numbers could be judged merely from the sense of the words. The *tschasci's* words, therefore, disturbed none of those present, for by "the enemy, the Spaniard," had been understood merely reference to the captive Amador, who was to be brought in accordance with the Inca's commands to the sacrificial square. The runner had wished to bring this news to his new master as *soon* as possible, so the people thought; he had

overestimated his strength, and had paid with his life for his zeal.

There were laughter and jests, and the country people mingled with the soldiers. Inca Manco was not referred to by even a word, and yet his corpse lay in one of the apartments of the palace. No one guarded it, for those who loved and were faithful to him had been taken prisoners.

Half an hour might have elapsed since the arrival of the runner. The Spaniard could hardly arrive before now. They must pass away the time until the great sacrifice should begin.

Inca Condor rose. He wished to enter the temple of the sun-god, there to thank Intli for the victory.

He turned his steps toward the holy of holies of this temple. The rays of the morning sun fell upon the splendid image of the sun. After a short prayer, the Inca proceeded to thank the mother of his ancestors, the queen of the heavens, also. He passed through the silver-covered door into the chapel consecrated to the moon. But he paused in astonishment, for there before the image of the moon goddess knelt a white-robed woman's form; he recognized it, it was Aclia. Ha! She seeks protection of the queen of heaven, the protector of maidens! Inca Condor's heart leaps

with savage joy. He possesses the power to drag her out of even this most sacred sanctuary.

He takes a step forward to seize her, but he pauses again, pale and rigid.

What does he see that makes him, the fearless, bold soldier, tremble to the depths of his nature? For a moment he does indeed tremble like a fragile reed.

His eyes witness unheard-of, incredible desecration.

Aclia, the daughter of an Inca, does indeed kneel and pray, but not to the mighty gods of Peru. Upon the altar of the goddess of the moon stands a strange symbol, a silver cross, and upon it a crucified One—a tiny figure, but Condor's eyes plainly recognize it. He knows that this is the symbol of the Christians. Aclia is praying to the enemy's God! She is praying to Him in the temple of Peru. Accursed woman, she is desecrating the holy of holies! Inca Condor's eyes flash in savage rage.

"Apostate!" he thunders. "Your crime can be atoned for by death alone. Miserable wretch, do you dare insult the lofty gods of the Incas? You shall be sacrificed with the Spaniard!"

She rose. She was calm and collected; she took the crucifix from the altar, folded her hands over

her breast, and pressing the crucifix to her heart, she said calmly: "I am ready, Condor. My God is the God of unfortunate and miserable beings, and He consoles us in the hour of death."

Inca Condor was astonished at this composure, which he had not expected to find in a weak woman; but before he could answer, the stillness of the temple was broken by other sounds. The sound of voices of a furious, noisy crowd came to Condor's ear; and even while he listened to learn what these voices could mean, the piercing war-horns rang out, calling the soldiers to arms.

What was that? Had one of Inca Manco's generals risen to avenge his emperor's death? Short-sighted man, how dare he defy Inca Condor? Or —the Inca tried to suppress the dark foreboding which rose to his mind. Fearful anxiety overcame him; he rushed out of the chapel, forgetting Aclia and her crime.

The chief priest came hurrying to meet him in the corridor of the temple.

"O Inca!" he cried. "The Spaniards have forced their way through the ravine to the west. They are marching upon the city; they are strong, and cry that they will avenge Inca Manco."

Inca Condor staggered. Spaniards in the valley of Vilcabamba as avengers of the murdered Inca!

Spaniards, like lightning from a clear sky! Was not this a judgment of the gods? Was not this the punishment for his treachery? Ah yes, he, Inca Condor, had been faithless not only to his emperor but to his fatherland, since he had deprived the passes, the maintenance of the safety of which was confided to him, of their guards.

But he did not long give himself up to despair. The soldier within him awoke. He rushed out to strengthen the courage of the troops, and to lead them against the enemy. Only after a lost battle should Vilcabamba be given up as lost.

Half an hour later all was silence in the broad square, where the feast of sacrifice was to have taken place.

The army had marched with Inca Condor against the enemy. The priests and the people had fled to the slopes of Marañon. The mummies sat solitary out in the quiet square. This people had broken faith with their living emperor, how could they be expected to protect dead ones?

The mummy banquet was disturbed, overturned pitchers lay about in wild confusion, the mummy guards had vanished. Flies buzzed about the black, gold-adorned forms of the dead, perched insolently upon cheeks and brows, and no one was there to drive them away with the fine fans.

Empty also was the temple, for the *hamurpas* had cried: "Intli has summoned the Spaniards. Intli will avenge Inca Manco!"

And priests and people fled from the judgment of the gods, which had come upon them with such terrible suddenness.

Only Aclia remained in the temple, and prayed before her crucifix that the Spanish arms might be victorious.

XV.

The rebel army was of quite a different opinion from the priests and their adherents. The army did not even think of a judgment of the gods, but each soldier secretly thought that he was responsible for the fact that the Spaniards had overpowered the guard in the passes, and each one, like his commander, would stake his life to atone for the fault.

So Inca Condor advanced to meet the Spaniards with a desperately brave army, and Alcan encountered an opposition which he had not expected. Pizarro had indeed conquered the whole of Peru with a trivial force, but Pizarro had called trickery and deceit to his aid. Alcan advanced upon the Inca with troops which were exhausted by night marches through the mountains. He believed that he would fall upon two hostile armies, but he met a united army. The battle began at about an hour's march from the city of Vilcabamba. The Spanish muskets and crossbows

opened their fatal firing, but the Indian warriors did not waver. Inca Condor, who was perfectly familiar with the country, surrounded the enemy, and attacked them with part of his forces from the rear.

The two parties engaged in close combat. In such struggles the sharp Toledo blades proved superior to the bronze weapons of the Peruvians. The Spaniards' armor protected them from the arrows and lances of stone, bone, or bronze, but in this case the Spaniards' were in an unfavorable situation, for the superior forces of the enemy were overpowering, and Inca Condor's soldiers were not as exhausted as the Spaniards who had had the long march over the mountains. Had Alcan rested his soldiers after he had left the pass, and occupied the guard-house, had he allowed Inca Condor to march against him and make the attack, then, after all the experience the Spaniards had had in Peruvian wars, the victory would have surely been his. He did indeed wish to reach the populous districts as soon as possible, in order to obtain provisions for his soldiers, but a skirmishing column, which could have fallen upon the neighboring villages, could have accomplished this, for they knew where the granaries were to be found in every village, and it would not have

been difficult to secure provisions for two hundred men. But Captain Alcan was rash; a soldier but no commander.

So it happened that the Indians were terrible opponents for the Spaniards. Their armor did indeed protect them from the arrows and lances, but when, in close combat, one sword must defend its owner from ten battle-axes and ten clubs; when the Indians fought with a true defiance of death, the Spaniards must at length give way, and the battle ended with quite an orderly, but still fatal, retreat on the part of the Spaniards.

This retreat was accomplished amid continuous fighting. Alcan, Amador, and other Spanish knights performed truly heroic acts, but they succeeded merely in winning space for a few minutes. After a short time the Indians were again upon them, and, encouraged by Inca Condor, attacked their enemies with even greater fury.

Since the Spaniards retreated, Condor's heart swelled with hope. His sole thought now was to destroy Alcan's entire force, to allow not a single Spaniard to escape alive from the valley of Vilcabamba.

The Spaniards entrenched themselves in a village toward afternoon, so that they might rest and gain fresh strength. Here they could resist

the attacks of the enemy, but they could not long remain in the village, for they did not know how affairs stood in the ravine, and whether the men Alcan had left there on guard had also been attacked, and were able to hold their own against the enemy. This was especially important for them to know, since the ravine formed the only exit known to them from the valley.

The retreat was continued in a compact square, until at length, of the hundred and fifty Spaniards who had descended into the valley, one hundred arrived safely at the ravine, and joined the fifty who had been left there on guard. Among the severely wounded who were carried in the train was Alcan.

The fresh strength with which the fifty Spaniards engaged in the fight checked the Indians. Alcan's troops could now assemble before the ravine, could be drawn up in order, and could take counsel together as to what was to be done. Should they attack the Indian army and try to defeat it? None of the Spanish leaders would take the responsibility of this attempt upon himself. It was therefore decided to begin the retreat through the ravine, which was as yet clear, that very evening. The entrance of the ravine was to be def. nded as long as possible by a band of volunteers, so that

the retreating forces might gain as much time as possible.

A dozen bold fellows volunteered to remain at the deserted post. The first to offer himself was Amador de Calabrera, and he was chosen leader of the handful of soldiers.

At a given signal the Spaniards began their hasty retreat. First a small company of soldiers as advance guard, then the wounded, most of whom were carried, and then the rest of the troops. When the Indians saw the procession of Spaniards disappear in the ravine, they raised their war-cry and began a furious attack.

But they were kept at a distance by the fire of muskets until the wounded had been carried into the ravine; then the others retreated step by step. At length the last Spaniards left the open valley of Vilcabamba, and the narrow entrance of the ravine was closed by a living wall—Amador and his comrades.

In vain did the Indians seek to break through this wall. Three times they repeated their attack, and three times they were driven back. Before the living wall of Spaniards now rose a wall of Indian corpses.

Then Inca Condor, whom until then his officers had restrained, rushed forward violently, placed

himself at the head of the boldest soldiers, and with raised battle-axe, covering his breast with his shield, he rushed upon the ravine.

"The decisive moment approaches," cried Amador to his companions. "Let them come near," said he, turning to his four remaining musketeers, "and all aim at the Inca. Do not shoot until they are but ten paces away from us."

In a few seconds the storming band, Inca Condor at the head, had arrived at the desired distance. At this moment the Spanish guns flashed forth, and Inca Condor, shot through the breast, fell to the ground.

Then Amador swung his sword, and with the cry, "Santiago!" he rushed forward with his brave companions. The Indians, terror stricken by the fall of their commander, drew back, and Amador dragged the dying Inca into the ravine.

Inca Condor could no longer speak, but he was conscious of his deepest humiliation. One of the Spaniards tore the red *paitscha* and the feathers of the miraculous bird *corekenke* from his head, and Condor groaned aloud when he saw the token of imperial dignity, which he had placed on his own head twenty-four hours before, in the hands of the hated Spaniards.

Inca Manco was fearfully and speedily avenged.

Condor's eyes closed; he died, like his predecessor, with the same humiliating consciousness, the consciousness that he was a dethroned emperor.

In possession of the Inca's corpse the Spaniards could breathe more freely. The Indians gave a loud cry of woe, they ceased their furious attacks, and implored the Spaniards to deliver to them their Inca. Amador purposely prolonged the discussion so that Alcan's troops might win as great a start as possible, and only at nightfall did he deliver Condor's corpse to them, and with his brave comrades left the valley of Vilcabamba, in which he had had so many and such varied experiences.

The mortal remains of Inca Condor, the darling of the army, the last national hero of the Peruvian Indians, was not carried back to Vilcabamba upon a plain black bier. Other honors befitted an emperor.

Priests came to the ravine and embalmed the ruler in the guard-house. Then the mummy, in full imperial splendor of array, was set in the splendid imperial chair, and slowly carried to the city.

The faithful army accompanied the body, and great were the lamentations of the army when, as historians of the age report, "the bird, flying so

high in the air, fell to the ground, stunned." But as the procession entered the city, it encountered another funeral train. The country people, the farmers of Vilcabamba, showed the same honors to the murdered Inca Manco, and were carrying him also upon his golden throne to his last resting-place. His head had been placed upon his shoulders again, so as to atone for the wrong which had been done him.

Each Inca during his reign, built a burial-place for himself, which consisted of numerous apartments. Inca Manco had erected such an one near the temple of the sun, but Inca Condor had had no time for this, his death had overtaken him too quickly. The priests, therefore, resolved to place his body in one of the chapels consecrated to the stars of heaven.

He who had died first should be buried first. While, therefore, Inca Condor's mummy was deposited in the palace, Inca Manco's was taken to the burial vault.

The dead emperor did not go to the grave alone; a number of women followed the bier, with loud lamentations. They were clad in gala robes, and drank from golden goblets to keep up their courage, for, according to olden custom, they were firmly resolved to allow themselves to be walled

up alive in the death chamber, to die, in honor of their beloved ruler, the death of starvation.

And so it happened. The Inca was placed in the third or last room, and walled in with the women. In the second room were placed the arms and utensils of gold which he had used in life, besides maize bread and golden pitchers filled with *tschitscha.* But in the first apartment, or anteroom, Inca Manco's relatives and friends prayed to the sun-god for the dead emperor, who was now shown divine reverence, and to whom sacrifices were offered.

But in the city the people gave loudest expression to their deep grief. Sorrow when united with fanaticism produces madness, and the people of Vilcabamba now raved in their delusion.

"Happy is he who voluntarily follows his Inca to the other world," preached the priests, and they found believers. Servants of the dead emperor, women especially, hanged themselves by their own hair, others took poison, others again flung themselves from high rocks into abysses, or drowned themselves in lakes or rivers; and those who had not the courage to take their own lives begged others to do them this service, and no one dared refuse this sacred request.

So hundreds of men and women followed their

ruler in death, and the corpses of those who had been nearest to him in life were also embalmed, and placed in the antechamber of the tomb.

The next morning Inca Condor was buried with equal pomp. He, the young warrior, who had spent most of the hours of his short life in camp, had had neither wife nor child nor courtiers. But was this reason enough for him to be left to wander alone through the chambers of the tomb? Oh, no! Inca Condor was the national hero, to whom the young men looked up with idolatrous admiration, and a troop of maidens flocked after his mummy, to be united in death with their ruler and hero. Their number was so great that the priests tried to dissuade them from their resolve. Such a great number of maid-servants would incommode him in the other world and be an annoyance to him, they told these deluded children.

The mourning for the dead ruler did not cease for a long time. For at least a month the lamentations of the people could be heard in the city from early morning to late in the evening. Each day the inhabitants of the region repaired to the tomb, carrying the standards, arms, ornaments, and clothes of the deceased, and which they had worn in their life-time. They praised the wise government of the one, and the heroic deeds of the other,

concluding the ceremony with a universal howl of grief. During the second month these processions took place only every two weeks.

Aclia participated in all these ceremonies, although she realized fully the barbarity of allowing men and women to sacrifice themselves for the dead. She knew how useless it would be to protest, knew that by so doing she would bring down upon herself the hatred of her people, and if she wished truly to serve them and convert them to the Christian belief it must be done gradually; and now was no time to begin her work.

In these days her heart seemed dead. She loved Amador as truly as ever, but she no longer cherished the slightest hope that they would ever be united in this world. Sometimes she bitterly reproached herself. Had she made the sacrifice required of her, had she consented to marry Inca Condor, might not this misery and the horror of civil war have been averted? And yet Inca Condor had been terribly ambitious. Would this ambition have been satisfied in becoming brother-in-law of the ruling Inca? Ah no! this terrible strife, though it might have been postponed, could not have been prevented.

She tried to console herself by this thought, but her mourning for her brother was most sin-

cere. The two had been fondly attached to each other. Deeply had Manco regretted leaving his sister in the city of Lima when he made his escape, and yet had he taken her with him it would most surely have awakened suspicion. In despair, he had offered her hand to whomsoever should rescue her from the Spaniards. When Condor brought her to the valley, and declared that he alone had rescued her, the Inca had rejoiced, thinking at that time that here was a hero worthy even of his sister. But one glance at his sister's despairing face, when she learned the fate awaiting her, had been sufficient to show him that her life's happiness would be ruined if this marriage were to take place. Still he had given his royal word, how could he retract it? He had, therefore, welcomed the chance afforded him by Amador's claim, especially as of late he had fathomed Condor's ambitious plans, and had began to fear him.

Aclia could therefore think of her brother with feelings of love and regret alone; no tinge of bitterness was mingled with her grief, for the only harsh words he had ever said to her, upon that morning when he learned that her faith was the faith of the Spaniards, not of her forefathers, she could readily forgive. She it was who took charge

of her brother's mummy, and in time her influence for good was felt by the people.

One year after the burial ceremonies a large crowd assembled to witness the last ceremony over the dead. Inca Manco's grave was opened first, and the eldest and most distinguished men of the land pronounced judgment upon the dead. Then the customary prescribed questions were asked as to what he deserved of the state. These questions chanced to be answered in Inca Manco's favor. Then the eldest judge finally asked in a soft voice whether the dead man had inherited all the provinces of his kingdom, whether he had increased the number or whether he had lost part of his inheritance.

All were silent in the group until some one replied: "He faithfully kept the inheritance he received from his father, and did not lose one piece of the land."

Thus the judgment was in all respects a favorable one for Inca Manco, so the historians and poets of the land were summoned. The first were commanded to record the deeds of the Inca for posterity, by means of the bundles of strings; the latter were to describe these deeds in verse. So a new imperial poem was composed for Inca Manco, which poem was added to the poetic history of

Peru, that history which the children were forced to learn in the schools, and which lived in the mouths of the people from generation to generation, and was even preserved for centuries; but not a single strophe has remained in preservation to our time.

Then the Inca's mummy was carried into the temple of the sun-god, and was placed in a niche at the right of the image. The charge of it was intrusted to the eldest servant of the emperor.

But on the next day, judgment was to be pronounced upon Inca Condor. So many changes had meanwhile occurred in Vilcabamba. Upon the throne of the Incas sat a child, Sayri Tupac Yupanci, and the former colonel of the imperial body guard, Tschalci Yupanci, was regent of the realm. The catastrophe which Inca Manco had feared had befallen the land. The harvest of that year had been scanty, great want had afflicted the people. Many left the valleys of Vilcabamba, preferring to seek their bread under Spanish dominion than starve among their own people. The army had dwindled, the attacks upon the Spaniards ceased; the passes were blocked up, the bridges over the mountain streams destroyed, and the paths blocked. In this manner they had indeed secured themselves against all possible sur-

prises from the Spaniards. Vilcabamba's unfortunate position was regarded as a punishment of the gods for the murder of the lawful Inca, and the enthusiasm which had formerly filled all hearts for Inca Condor was extinct. Many brave soldiers had laid aside spear and battle-axe and had settled in the valleys of Marañon, there to till the soil. A pest had broken out among the llama herds, meat and wool were very scarce; from lack of beaters there could be no extensive hunts in the mountains. The people wore old clothes; at the last great festival the liquor no longer flowed in streams, the Peruvians remained sober and had time to ponder. The hands of the sun maidens must rest, for the granaries were empty, and with anxious dread all looked forward to the future.

All this was a punishment of Heaven for Inca Condor's criminal act.

And after a year, the workingmen held a report upon the brave warrior's deeds.

No one announced himself to ask the questions. The group of judges sat there in silence. An hour passed, and no one broke the silence. The proud Inca Condor was judged after a year, and condemned by popular opinion. And no historians were summoned to record by their bundles of strings the number of battles the dead man had

won, and the Spaniards he had killed. No poet was commissioned to compose a poem in honor of Inca Condor, so that the youths might learn it and be inspired to courage in war.

Not one of the judges had compassion upon the dead man, not one was favorably disposed to him, not one summoned historians and poets in order to mention at least the name, Inca Condor, so that he should not be overlooked in the list of emperors of Peru. He was an usurper, and the people had stricken his name from the list of emperors, into whose ranks he had forced himself.

And finally the eldest rose, and asked: "Shall we carry this *malliachi* (mummy) into the temple, so that it may enjoy the radiance of the sun-god, Intli?"

Then another rose and said: "Let Inca Manco's *malliachi* decide that."

So the judges rose and entered the temple of the sun. Before the mummy of Inca Manco sat his faithful sister Aclia, as guardian.

The eldest judge questioned the mummy, and now it was Aclia's duty to answer for it. She rose and said: "Inca Manco has gone to the true God, and he now knows the truth. He commands you to summon the historians and poets that they may record Inca Condor's great deeds, but let

them add that the Creator of the world punishes sin. He commands you to bring the *malliachi* here, for he has forgiven him his murder. He commands you also to make a poem concerning this, and to declare therein that this has happened in accordance with the command of the God of gods, who teaches us to love our enemies."

The judges went away astonished, and did as Inca Manco's mummy commanded them.

But the news of the wise and mild mummy of the murdered Inca passed from mouth to mouth. The Indians came from far and near, when Aclia guarded the mummy, to ask counsel of her. And more than Tschalci Yupanci, the spirit of Inca Manco, through the mouth of his sister Aclia, governed the quiet valley of Vilcabamba.

The priests cast furious glances at the young custodian of the mummy; but, however they weighed her words, they could find nothing against her, for she never spoke of the God of the Christians, but of the God of all men, the Creator of the world, who was considered the chief divinity among the Peruvians.

XVI.

Some weeks had passed since the eventful night of the Spaniards' retreat from Vilcabamba. Baron Alcan sat before his house in the valley of Huamanca. The sun was shining brightly, and the convalescent rejoiced to be out in the open air once more. He had almost entirely recovered from his wounds, and was listening to Amador, who was giving him accounts of the wonders of the "second Peru."

Their experiences together in Vilcabamba had broken down the constraint which of late had existed between the two, and the old friendship was revived. It was Amador who had nursed him when, after the long, tedious journey back to Huamanca had been accomplished, the wounded man lay for days unconscious and burning with fever.

This morning, as the two men sat together, they were joined by another Spaniard, none other than Amador's former guide and friend Leon de Gamba. He looked fat and prosperous, and as though fate

had treated him well. Amador had not seen him since he left Lima, now nearly two years ago, and welcomed him heartily. De Gamba had had no such adventurous experiences as Alcan and Amador. The last year he had purchased an estate near Lima, and was here in Huamanca on business connected with the farming of this estate. Hearing that his old friend Amador was here, he had sought him out. After various inquiries as to each other's health and welfare, Leon asked about the Vilcabamba expedition, of which he had heard but the vaguest rumors.

"Is it true that the beautiful princess Aclia was at the bottom of all this trouble?" he said.

"Her escape from Lima furnished a reason for the attack upon the Indians, but it can hardly be said to be the cause. It was only a question of time," replied Amador.

"And is it true that she was rescued by Inca Condor, the brave young chief."

"Yes, he rescued her from her Lima captors, but had it not been for Amador here, the fair Aclia would never have reached Vilcabamba alive," said Alcan, with a mischievous glance at the young Spaniard.

"Amador! What had he to do with it?" asked Leon in surprise.

"Simply this. She and her gallant rescuer would have perished in a snow-drift," replied Alcan, who had learned part of the story from Amador. But Leon would not be put off thus, and gave Alcan no peace until he had told him all he knew.

"And you followed the fair princess into the very den of the enemy?" queried Leon.

"I went to Vilcabamba, certainly," was the reply.

"And since Inca Condor is dead, you hope to step into his place, and win the lovely Aclia for yourself, eh? Well, I confess at one time I might have envied you, for I was deeply smitten with the fair princess myself; but now I envy no man. Perhaps you have heard that some time ago I was married to a young Christian Indian, Maria by name. She may not be so beautiful as Aclia, or Inez, but we are very happy. I have retired from active life, and shall probably live to a good old age on my estate. I invite you and Aclia to pay us a visit after your marriage, my friend. Maria and I will give you a warm welcome. By the way, it is to you she owes her knowledge of Spanish, I believe. She took Spanish lessons of you in the old city of the kings."

"Then she was one of Princess Aclia's retinue?"

"She was, and was deeply interested to learn of her fate. Well, let us know when you are married."

"*When* it occurs I will not fail to notify you by some means," said Amador, not very hopefully.

"And is it true that the temples and palaces in Vilcabamba are so magnificent as some say?"

"They are indeed. The walls and doors are covered with silver and gold, and the images of the sun and moon are of these costly metals."

"Dear friend," said Alcan, "the gold is not as valuable as you think. The plates upon the temple doors are thin, very thin, no thicker than a sheet of paper. I know from experience, for there were just such plates in Cuzco, and when we had them melted up, there was only a little lump of gold worth scarcely a couple of ducats."

"But the emperor's throne-chair, which requires eight men to carry it," interposed Amador. "How about that? It is of solid gold."

"Oh, nonsense, solid gold! It is probably wood with a thin coating of gold," said old Alcan sceptically.

Amador smiled.

"Ah, friend Alcan," said he, "the grapes are always sour when they hang too high."

Leon laughed. "Amador is evidently fascinated

with Vilcabamba," said he. "Could you not be appointed governor of the province, my friend?"

"It has yet to be conquered," said Amador.

After a little more chat, Leon rose to go. He expected to set out on his return journey that very afternoon. When the two friends were again alone, Amador turned to Alcan.

"Well, comrade, you are now fairly on the road to health, you can really no longer be called an invalid. I think that I can leave you next week, and return to my little cabin."

"Return to that wilderness! Surely you are joking!"

"Not at all," replied Amador firmly. "I have no desire to live here, but I would not leave you until you were well. I can never forget that you saved my life. You arrived just in time."

"You really wish to go and live in your log house again?" asked Alcan.

"Yes," replied Amador. "I am accustomed to the free life in the mountains and pine for it. But this time you may send as many negro spies after me as you wish, for I shall look for no more passes. No *kippu* of the Inca would preserve me from the certain death which would be my fate should I once more enter the valley of Vilcabamba. In the eyes of the Indians I am but the

common spy who summoned you and the Spanish troops to compass their defeat. Added to this I was the cause of the death of their idol Condor."

"Well, in that case, since you pine for your log hut, I must let you go, and bid you God-speed," replied Alcan. "I know what you hope, and you are right. If she is still alive she will come to the cave; but do not allow yourself to be dragged into a trap. Be prudent and cautious, my son."

And thus it came about that Amador once more took up life in his solitary hunter's home. It was but little changed in his absence, only the two Indians had fled, having probably joined their countrymen in the valley of Vilcabamba. Their places he supplied with a single negro, whom he sent for to Huamanca.

He went often, almost every day, along the well-known path to the cave, but this negro never troubled himself about his master's movements, and considered his life an easy one, for was not this master easily suited? Amador grew more and more absent-minded and careless of his surroundings. He ate the simple repasts which the negro prepared, without comment; he went earlier to the cave and stayed later, but day after day returned with slow, heavy step and disappointed heart.

He could not understand her silence. Was not Inca Condor dead? If she wished surely she could give him a sign. If she wished, and if she were alive, for who could tell what had happened in the palace of the Inca during that night of the uproar? And then, at the thought of the horrible fate which had perchance been hers, Amador's heart sickened.

Months passed; he still waited for a sign, but no message came, no embroidered scarf was left in the cave, and Amador's hopes grew fainter and fainter. At last he could bear this life no longer. If his love were to be buried, to be lived down and forgotten, this was no place for him—here, near the spot so inseparably associated with his dearest recollections, here where every mountain and tree seemed to speak of her. He would return to the settlements, would seek some active occupation and strive to drown his sorrow. So one day he walked sadly along the path to the cave, and took a final survey; he even went for a short distance along the pass which less than a year before he had trodden with such eagerness. He imprinted upon his memory the places so familiar to him, sat once more, and for perhaps the last time, within the cave, and gazed at the snow-capped Cordilleras. Nowhere did he catch so

much as a glimpse of an Indian, and finally slowly and sadly he turned away.

He returned to Huamanca, taking with him his negro servant, and, footsore and weary, arrived one evening at old Captain Alcan's door. The old soldier greeted him with the utmost surprise.

"What, Amador, is it really you! What brings you?"

"I have come to seek some active employment. I am tired of my mountain home."

"Tired of your mountain home! And the fair Aclia?"

"Do not speak to me of her. In all these months I have heard nothing, nor do I know whether she is alive. I dare not go to Vilcabamba myself, it would be certain death. But it is not so with her. She could come or send to the cave, she is free. Ah, no, say no more of her. Whatever hopes I may have cherished are dead. She is no longer alive, or she loves me not. Perchance she considers me indeed a mere spy. Who knows!"

Alcan listened to the young man's gloomy speech with varied expressions. When he paused, he said:

"Then it is not news of your countrymen's troubles which has brought you back to civilization?"

"My countrymen's needs?" repeated Amador in surprise.

"Is it possible you have not heard?"

"Heard? I have heard nothing. Yours is the first white face I have seen since I left here, now nearly a year ago."

"Indeed! Then you do not know that the viceroy Vaca de Castro has been recalled to Spain; that a new viceroy, Nuñez, has been sent over; that Gonzalo Pizarro has proclaimed himself viceroy, and with a large following is even now marching against Nuñez?"

"Pizarro! He has left Quito?"

"Yes, he has left Quito, and has wearied of his silver mines. His army increases with each day, while Blasco Nuñez is hard pressed."

"This is news indeed. You make me feel that I have been out of the world indeed. So then, while I wasted these months in vain day-dreams, my countrymen were engaged in civil war! Terrible civil war, which has been our curse since we first set foot in this golden land of Peru! But tell me, Alcan, this strife seems to have left you undisturbed. Do you not support either side?"

"Amador, I am an old man. I have spent the best years of my life in fighting. I shall fight no more. Let Nuñez and Pizarro, which means, I

suppose, the crown and the rebel, settle the matter between themselves. I care not who is viceroy of Peru."

"But can you sit calmly by and see your fellow-men fighting and dying, without lending your aid to one side or the other?" cried Amador, now all afire.

"I can. As I said, Amador, I am an old man. My strength is broken. I have not much longer to live. With you it is different. And in the din of battle you will forget your unfortunate love for the Indian princess. You shake your head? Ah, you will see! You will live to look upon it as a youthful folly, and perchance will return to Spain covered with distinction, a wealthy man, and marry some fair maiden of your own nation. But tell me, Amador, since you are determined to fight, which shall you support?"

"Which?—the viceroy appointed by the king, or Pizarro? Ah, friend Alcan, I have no great love for that family. Was it not Pizarro who crossed my plans, nipped my hopes in the bud, and banished me to this very settlement? I shall join Blasco de Nuñez, and fight with him, to conquer or die."

"In that case I am afraid it will be the latter, for I tell you, Gonzalo Pizarro wins fresh followers

every day. The festivities were magnificent in Lima on the days following his proclamation of himself as governor and viceroy. He is very popular, frank, and winning. Take my advice and join your fortunes to his."

Amador gazed at Alcan in astonishment. What inducements were these to hold out to a faithful Spaniard? Finally Alcan, convinced that he could not shake the young man's resolve, turned to him, and said seriously: "Your mind is made up, I see, Amador. Very well then, I wish you may never regret it. But weary and exhausted as you are, you must admit that you are in no condition to set out on a long, fatiguing march. You must remain here with me for a few days, and rest. There is no great haste. This struggle for supremacy will not be decided in a day or a week."

Amador so far admitted that the old soldier was right as to consent to remain until the following day, but could be persuaded to remain no longer. Accordingly he set out on his long and perilous march. With him were three or four other Spaniards and two trusty Indians who were to guide them.

Their way led through the mountains, for they were forced to make a wide detour around Quito, where Pizarro was now established with his troops

strengthening his forces and busily drilling them. The little band of Spaniards and Indians, therefore, camped by night in the mountains or ravines, deeming themselves most fortunate if they chanced to find a cave or sheltered hollow. The cold was often intense, and they were but scantily provided with blankets. Finally the band, utterly exhausted, half-starved, since for weeks they had been living on roots and such game as they could catch, arrived in Popayan, the capital of Benalcazar's province, whither Blasco Nuñez had taken refuge. It was Christmas eve when they made their forlorn entry.

But they had but brief space to recover their strength. Early in January the viceroy left with his troops for the south, and finally arrived in Quito, only to find it deserted by Pizarro and almost all the male inhabitants, who had joined Pizarro's troops. This was a sad blow to the unhappy viceroy, but after a few days of rest he left the city and prepared to attack the rebel troops.

It was a bright, sunny day as they turned their backs upon the ancient city of Quito, but the hearts of the army were filled with no such bright hopes as the day might have inspired in them. They marched along, their faces set in a look of

gloomy resolve. On all sides they had heard rumors of the strength of Pizarro's men, their excellent condition, and the skill of their commander. And their worst fears were realized, for, having proceeded for about a mile, they perceived the enemy drawn up on the crest of the highlands of Añaquito.

It is needless to describe this battle, which raged furiously and resulted in the total defeat of the viceroy. The survivors fled into the surrounding woods, and darkness coming on favored their escape, for Pizarro sounded the trumpets and recalled his men from further pursuit of the stragglers. So it was that as evening fell Amador found himself, with a few others, fleeing through the forest, whither they knew not.

The way was totally unfamiliar to them, and the increasing darkness rendered further progress through the almost impenetrable forest impossible. They were safe for the night at least, and so by common consent the little band of stragglers proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible for the night, seeking to rest so that with the early dawn they might escape yet further from their conquerors. They dared not kindle a fire for fear of betraying themselves, blankets they had none; so they huddled together at the foot of

a small hill, which afforded them some protection from the cold wind.

At first silent, as no sounds were heard but the wind sighing and moaning through the tall tree-tops and the occasional shriek of an owl, their dread of being overtaken lessened, and their tongues were loosened. They were all strangers to each other; each belonged to a different troop, and not one was probably conscious of ever having seen any of the others during their long march to Quito.

A young man sitting nearest to Amador was the first to break the gloomy silence. He was a slight young fellow, and had been the first to call the attention of the others to the necessity for rest, that they might have strength to pursue their retreat by daylight of the next day.

"Well," said he now, with a shiver, "a pretty plight we are in. What do you say, comrades; is it better to freeze to death here in these forests to-night, or light a fire and run the risk of betraying our whereabouts to that Pizarro and his men? They can but kill us. I am not sure but that he would spare our lives and welcome us into his army. Shall we risk it? Heigh ho! it is cold here."

"Not so cold as the 'welcome' we would receive,

young fellow. Not so cold as a Spanish blade at the throat."

"H'm! Well, perhaps not! But what is to become of us? We cannot wander about these forests forever, and do you suppose that enough of our men escaped to make further resistance possible?"

"You are right there," said another. "I myself saw Blasco Nuñez fall, struck down from his horse by one of Pizarro's soldiers. Cabrera, Benalcazar's brave lieutenant, was killed, I saw it with my own eyes. Our losses were fearful. No, further resistance will be useless."

"How unfortunate that we did not ally ourselves with Pizarro!" remarked the slight young fellow humorously; "or, I should rather say, unfortunate for me was the hour when I left a comfortable home in Panama to seek my fortunes in this land of perpetual strife. I have fought against Almagro the first, I have fought against Almagro the second, I have fought with Francisco Pizarro, I have fought with Vaca de Castro, and now against this same Gonzalo. I have done enough fighting for a lifetime. Oh, it was indeed a wretched moment when I decided to leave Panama owing to the alluring accounts of a cousin of mine!"

"A cousin of yours?" echoed Amador de Calabrera. "And who was that?"

The other men were too much absorbed in their own misery to pay much attention to the whimsical complainings of the young man, who, despite his complaints, talked on in a light-hearted manner, without evincing in his tone the discontent which might have been expected from his words.

"Why, you see it was this way. About five years ago there arrived in our little city of Panama a band of men, women, and children, colonists on their way to Peru, which Pizarro, the first, the only Pizarro, had conquered, or thought he had. Among this band, whose entry into our city we watched with such interest, for it was a rare occurrence to see such a body of settlers at once, was a young man who presented himself at our house that afternoon. He was a cousin of mine, and had left his home in Spain and come to the New World to seek his fortunes. He brought letters of recommendation to my father from his father, also a cousin, but while presenting them explained that he had no further use for them now, as he had decided to seek his fortune in Peru with the band of colonists. My father's remonstrances were useless; young Amador would hear nothing of a tame, uneventful mercantile life, he

said his nature thirsted for adventure; in short, his was a severe attack of Peru fever. I know it well now, I am familiar with the disease myself.

"Now, at the time I was a mere boy, sixteen years old. Amador paid no attention to me, but I could not take my eyes from him, and sat there spell-bound. He wore a complete suit of armor, dazzling and new, something which I had never seen before. He poured out vivid descriptions of the glories of Peru, and the large fortunes which awaited every one there; fortunes which lay waiting to be picked up by any one. My father pooh-poohed this youthful enthusiasm, but it had a wonderful effect upon me.

"My cousin left that very day, and graciously vouchsafed me a nod of farewell, and remarked: 'Well, my boy, you had better come out there too, when you are a little older.'

"Of course I was wildly desirous to go then, without an instant's delay, but, needless to remark, was forcibly prevented by my parents. I was totally unfitted for life in Panama, however. I thought but of Peru. I dreamed of it by night. My duties as my father's secretary and clerk in a counting-house were thoroughly distasteful to me, and I can assure you that my father had every reason to be dissatisfied with me. Finally, three

years ago, having arrived at what I considered years of discretion, I took the matter in my own hands, and, like the young fool that I was, left a comfortable home in Panama to come to this wretched country.

"I have not made my fortune, I never expect to receive pay for the various campaigns I have served in, and now here I am in this delightful strait. I should like to meet that cousin who is responsible for all this, and learn how he has fared. If he has come off no better than I have I could forgive him, but should I find him a wealthy and prosperous man, I cannot answer for my actions."

Amador had listened to him with some amusement and now said: "Well, you have your wish unless I am very much mistaken, for I am Amador de Calabrera."

The young man turned in surprise and tried to make out his companion's features, but the darkness made this impossible; so he clapped him on the shoulder with a heartiness undiminished by the discomforts of their situation, and cried:

"Enough! In that case I can forgive you readily, cousin! You must have, like myself, discovered that this charming Peru is a beautiful myth. Have you wished yourself back in Panama as many times as I have, I wonder?"

"Seriously, no. I long since discovered the vainness of my dreams and learned that this land was far from being what it had been described. But this is owing to the Spaniards themselves. Better times may yet come, although I am willing to admit that the prospect is a dark one at present. I am very sorry that my enthusiasm enticed you away from your home, cousin, since you so regret it."

"Oh, well, experience has to be purchased. I might have fared worse. I might have gone to sea and fallen into the hands of cannibals, and being young and green they would not have spared me. I am sure I should have been excellent eating. Do not worry yourself on that score, Cousin Amador. It is a strange freak of fate that we should meet here. By the way, since you deigned to take so little notice of me on that fatal afternoon in Panama, I am sure your memory of my name needs refreshing. Could you have told that I am called Hernando in addition to my family name de Calabrera?"

"I must confess that I could not."

"I thought as much; but I bear you no grudge for that. I shall be everlastingly indebted to you if you can devise some means of getting out of this most unpleasant predicament. Can we, do

you think, ever find our way through these dense forests even by daylight, and if we can, where shall that way lead us to? Are you familiar with this part of the country?"

"I am not, Cousin Hernando. I have never been in this region before, and agree that our chances of finding our way out of these forests are doubtful. As to what our best plan would be, it seems to me that the only thing for us to do is to make our way back to the north, back toward Popayan."

"If we can," interrupted Hernando significantly. "And now, cousin, I am going to sleep. I should advise you to follow my example. It is not the warmest bed in the world, this forest sod, but it might be worse. Good-night."

The young fellow suited the action to the word by stretching himself on the ground, and actually fell asleep in a few seconds. Amador remained awake, sleep was impossible for him. He had received a slight wound in one arm, which, although not serious, now pained him considerably, and he could not shake off his anxiety for their fate.

With the first glimmer of light he awaked his cousin, who had slept through all that cold night as soundly as though upon the softest couch. The other men were awake, and the little band con-

sulted as to the best direction to proceed in, but they could not agree. Amador was for pushing directly northward until they had travelled far enough to be out of probable reach of Pizarro's men, and then, turning westward, he hoped to strike some road, or at least escape from the forest to more easily traversed country. Some of the others, on the contrary, thought best to continue eastward, and escape into the mountains, for they were convinced that all the coast country would be occupied by Pizarro's soldiers, and escape in that direction impossible.

Hernando Calabrera listened to the arguments of both parties in silence, and finally declared in favor of Amador. As the others were firm in their opinion, the band divided—Amador, Hernando, and two others setting out northward, the others eastward. The two divisions bade each other farewell, and wished each other God-speed.

After days of walking, almost starved, Amador and his companions did finally arrive in Popayan. The direction selected by Amador proved to be the best one he could have chosen, for after some days they came to a part of the country through which he had passed before, on his journey to the same place. Being naturally observant he recognized the region, and was able from his recollec-

tions of the first journey to guide his party safely, although not without undergoing many hardships, to their destination. They met various bands of Spaniards and Indians on the way, but if these Spaniards were part of Pizarro's army, they offered no opposition to the stragglers, but on the contrary many of them assisted them, provided them with food, or sheltered them for the night. They never learned the fate of their other comrades of the night in the forest. Whether they lost their way and wandered through the woods, finally perishing of starvation and exhaustion, or succeeded in reaching the mountains, only to meet death there, could be only guessed. Having arrived in Popayan, they stayed there for some time, recovering from their long march. Amador's wound had healed, but owing to lack of proper attention had left his arm stiff, and it seemed doubtful whether he would ever fully recover the use of it. Fighting was for the present out of the question, and one day, some months after their arrival, the governor Benalcazar, with but a small retinue, arrived in his capital and resumed the reins of government.

From him definite news could be learned, and when his story was told every one knew that further resistance to Gonzalo Pizarro's rule would

be worse than useless. Benalcazar had nothing to complain of personally. He had been well treated after being taken prisoner, his wounds had been carefully attended to, and he had finally been released from captivity and allowed to return with a few followers to his former province, where he was permitted to resume his authority, upon condition that he should never again take up arms against Pizarro. He had readily given this promise, and kept it—for a time. Not until the prelate Pedro de la Gasca had gained many allies from the soldiers of Pizarro himself, did he again take part against him.

Hernando Calabrera had had enough of Peru, as he informed his cousin briefly. He therefore resolved to return to his home, and urged Amador to go with him. It needed not much persuasion to induce his cousin to consent. There was no reason why he should remain in Peru. Life there was more than ever distasteful to him, he told himself, and accordingly one day, nearly a year after his first arrival there, Amador, with his young cousin Hernando, turned his back upon the city of Popayan, and the two, in company with several other men, made their way to the coast, where they took ship for Panama.

XVII.

THE two cousins had of course been unable to send any news of their coming to their relatives in Panama, and it was with varied feelings that Hernando stood on the deck of their vessel as they entered the harbor. He had received but the vaguest rumors of his family during the four years that had elapsed since his departure from home. He had received no letters, and although he had availed himself of any opportunity which had presented to send home news of himself, he could not be certain that any of his messages had ever reached their destination. As for Amador, he felt but the slightest interest in what fortune had in store for him in Panama.

Upon landing, both remarked the great changes which had taken place in Panama. Even Amador, although he had passed but one day in the town, now more than six years ago, could see these changes. As for Hernando, he had difficulty in finding his old home.

Having at last found the house, he knocked at the door with some trepidation. These years had effected such changes in the town, what changes might not have come to pass in his family? His father, his mother—were they still alive?

After a short delay, the door was opened by a young girl of eighteen, who resembled Hernando sufficiently for the most casual observer to pronounce her his sister. She gazed at the two men blankly, and started back in alarm as Hernando put his arm around her and drew her to him.

"What, Anita, have I changed so greatly that thou canst not recognize me?" he asked, half laughingly, half sadly.

"Ah, *buon Dios*, is it Hernando, my own brother?" cried the girl, after a moment's puzzled stare at him. "Is it possible? Is it really thee, Hernando?"

"It certainly is, Anita mia, and this gentleman is thy cousin, Señor Amador de Calabrera. Thou canst not remember him, probably, my sister, for thou wast but a little girl when he was here six years ago."

"Remember him I certainly do," replied the girl, shyly offering her hand. "But how is it that you come as though dropped from the sky? And here I keep you standing here, instead of bringing

you in. Come in quickly. O my brother how glad I am to see thee! And thou too, cousin," she hastened to add, turning to Amador.

"One moment, Anita!" hastily interposed Hernando, holding her back, as she would have drawn him into the house. "My father, my mother, tell me, are they——"

"Well as they can be since they have never ceased to mourn thee, and have long ago given up all hope of ever seeing thee again. Do not delay longer, come in. Mother! mother!" she called, hurriedly preceding them into the house.

The scene that followed can better be imagined than described. The joy of the white-haired father and mother over the return of this their eldest-born was unbounded. Amador, too, was made welcome, although as Hernando laughingly remarked, he deserved all the blame for alluring their only son from home. It was touching to see old Señor de Calabrera. He would scarcely let "his boy," as he still called the bronzed, soldierly young man, out of his sight, but took him everywhere, showed him everything, and consulted him at every point. Hernando's future was evident. He would be his father's assistant and mainstay in his business, which increased with each day, and would eventually succeed him. He had had

enough of a roving, adventurous life, as he one day gravely assured Amador, and proposed to settle down, and advised Amador to do the same.

This was quite possible, did Amador so choose. His cousin, Hernando's father, was most cordially disposed toward him, and in fact seemed to regard him as the means of his son's restoration to him. Many an hour was Hernando forced to pass in relating his adventures since his abrupt departure from home, and his adventures had been more extensive than even those of Amador, for the younger Calabrera had been one of the expedition which, under Gonzalo Pizarro, had journeyed to the so-called "Land of Cinnamon." He had been one of that band which had reached the Napo River; he had been one of those who anxiously awaited the return of Orellana, merely to learn from a single, only faithful comrade, that they had been treacherously deserted; and he was one of those eighty worn-out, broken-down men who after almost a year of terrible sufferings and hardships had finally reached Quito.

The young man related his adventures modestly, and, in telling of their retreat after the battle of Añaquito, he dwelt upon the skilful manner in which Amador had guided them through the dense forests, and concluded by saying: "Without my

good cousin here, I am very sure I should never have reached Popayan alive."

Although Amador disclaimed any such extravagant praise, his relatives' gratitude was won for life. He in turn was entreated to tell them of his own adventures, but generally gave but evasive replies. He could not speak to them of Inez, and he could not tell them of his experiences in Vilcabamba without speaking of her, so he contented himself with telling them of Cuzco and Lima, to which latter place his cousin had never been.

Amador was offered a place in his cousin's counting-house and accepted it. He fancied that perhaps he might be content to end his days here, but it was not to be so. Meanwhile Pedro de la Gasca arrived in Panama, and remained there for some time, negotiating with Pizarro and his generals. Finally, being unable to induce the rebel leader to surrender, he marched against him, with an ever-increasing army. But neither of the Calabrera cousins went with him Hernando having had enough of war, as he said, while Amador's stiff arm incapacitated him for further service.

News travelled slowly indeed, but in time they heard of the battle of Huarina, and the defeat of the army of the President of the Audience, as Gasca was styled; then of the terrible rout of the

rebels at Xaquixaguana, and the execution of the bold leader Pizarro and his adviser Carbajal; and three years after the two cousins' arrival in Panama, the clever Gasca, whose politic measures had accomplished so much in so short a time, arrived there. He was received with great honors, but he made no long stay there, but crossed the isthmus and set sail for Spain.

These three years had been sufficient to prove to Amador de Calabrera that he could not be content to live longer in Panama. Hernando had married a Spanish girl and settled down as the most domestic of men, and, had Amador chosen, nothing could have been more easy than for him to follow his example. Pretty little Anita innocently betrayed her fondness for her handsome cousin in a thousand ways, unknown to herself, and he could be certain that the parents would offer no objections. He had won their liking and respect, he was faithful to his work, and had every reason to suppose that, should he marry little Anita, he would succeed eventually with Hernando to her father's business.

At times the thought of marrying Anita presented itself to him most attractively. She was a sweet, lovable girl, pretty as one could ask, a devoted sister and daughter: why should she not

make an equally good wife? Why could he not be content with such a lot which hundreds would envy him, and, ending his rovings, lead a peaceful if humdrum life? So thinking, he would almost resolve to ask his little cousin to give her hand where he well knew she had already given her heart, and would fancy himself striving to make her happy, becoming more and more fond of her —he loved her now in a calm, brotherly way— and then—then—from the mists of the past, memory would summon a single figure, a tall, slight maiden, lissome and supple as a willow wand; a pair of soft dark eyes would seem to gaze into his as they had once, oh! so many months ago—years it seemed to him—involuntarily he would stretch out his arms, crying, "Aclia! Aclia!" and the form would fade away—he would rouse from his revery to the present, the prosaic present. On such occasions he would wander off by himself into the country, away from the city, away from his fellow-men, and return late at night, worn out and dispirited.

One morning, after he had returned the night before from one of these solitary tramps, he entered the little sitting-room—he had lived in his cousin's family during all this time, nearly three years—where Anita sat busy with some light

work, and threw himself wearily into a chair. It was a feast day, and he had nothing to do at the counting-house. He was absorbed in his gloomy thoughts, and careless of his surroundings. Suddenly, chancing to look up, he saw his cousin Anita's eyes fixed upon him.

She colored slightly, and instantly averted them, but the same thing occurred again. Smiling faintly, Amador turned to her and said: "Cousin Anita, what do you see in me to interest you so much?" The words were said half jokingly, but the girl blushed painfully, and seemed wounded. Seeing this, Amador said kindly:

"Come, Anita, do not be vexed with me; tell me, dear, why you looked at me so closely? You had some reason for it. What were you thinking of?"

After some hesitation, the girl said timidly: "You look so wretchedly this morning, Cousin Amador, and I have often noticed the same expression on your face. You are unhappy. Will you not tell me what troubles you? Perhaps I can comfort you; you know mamma tells me all her troubles."

Amador gazed at her in surprise. He had never before fancied that any one here had divined his melancholy. Suddenly he took a hasty resolve.

Yes, he would tell this gentle, sympathetic girl all. He had spoken of Inez to no one since he had left old Captain Alcan's house. Perhaps it would do him good to pour out his whole heart to some one. And accordingly he did tell her all, from his first meeting with Aclia down to the last time he had seen her, when she stood with her brother and Inca Condor and listened first to the judges' decision, then to Inca Manco's final confirmation of this decision.

He did not once glance at Anita as he told his story, and he felt rather than saw the change which came over her. He could not see how all the light and youth vanished from her face, how her lips quivered, for when he had finished she was apparently calm, and betrayed no more emotion than might easily be ascribed to a sisterly sympathy with him.

She held out her hand to him, and her eyes showed more plainly than words could how sorry she was for him. "How could you leave Peru without knowing her fate, cousin?" she asked. "Ah, how could you?"

Amador gazed at her in some surprise. Had he been mistaken, had he deceived himself, and did she care for him only in a sisterly fashion?

"It was useless to wait longer, Anita; she could

have sent me word had she wished. Ah, no, she is dead! But I do not know why I have bored you with all this. I have told no one of her since I gave up hope, and left the region where I had so vainly waited."

"You have not bored me, dear Amador. I am very sorry for you. I wish I could help you."

"You do help me by your sympathy, my dear little cousin; but do not worry yourself further about me. All this was more than three years ago, and I am still alive, you see." With these words Amador left the room, but paused and half turned back as he closed the door, for was not that a sob which came to his ear through the door? But, after a moment's hesitation, he turned away with a shake of the head.

From that day, however, there was a change in Anita, a change perceptible to her parents, but the cause of which was guessed by Amador alone. His resolution was soon taken. The newly appointed viceroy arrived in Panama on his way to Lima. Amador, fully conversant with the language of the Peruvian Indians, was of great use to a new ruler, totally ignorant of both language and customs, and therefore when he offered his services, asking for some suitable position, his offer was readily accepted. Another man would

have estimated himself more highly, and asked for and probably obtained a brilliant governmental position; but Amador's ambition was gone, his only thought was to leave Panama, for he felt confident that, once out of sight, it would not be long before he was also out of mind with his young Cousin Anita.

His relatives remonstrated in vain. Hernando entreated him to reconsider his decision, holding out every possible inducement to him to remain, also in vain, and finally concluded that for some whimsical notion, wholly incomprehensible to him, his little sister had rejected him. For it had long been a settled thing in his mind that Amador was to marry Anita.

So one day the little family assembled together at dinner for the last time, and after the gloomy meal was ended Amador bade them farewell. Anita's father told him that when the time came, as come he was sure it would, when he longed for Panama again, to remember that one house there would always be open to him. He and his wife both suspected that this departure was the result of some quarrel between the two cousins, and Señora de Calabrera had even questioned her daughter, but could learn nothing from Anita, as the girl merely reiterated that there had been no

quarrel between them—how should there be?—and that she was as ignorant of the reasons for Amador's departure as were the others.

She bore up bravely to the last, though her little hand trembled in Amador's, but she controlled herself by a desperate effort, and none of her family suspected how her heart ached. Poor little Anita! her life was a short one. A malignant fever raged in Panama the following summer, and she was one of its first victims.

Amador de Calabrera arrived without further adventure in Quito. The country enjoyed peace under this new viceroy and his successor. There were no more wars, merely an occasional skirmish with the Indians. Civil war was at an end. There were many stirring scenes, however, some years later, when the two peaceable viceroys had been succeeded by a far different man. Nor did Amador remain in Quito for any length of time. His position demanded that he make many long, wearisome journeys; but no undertaking, however foolhardy and dangerous, had any fears for him. Finally, after long years of toil, he returned poor in gold, rich in scars, and with enfeebled strength to the coast. That period of his life when he had searched for the valleys of Vilcabamba, and his adventures and experiences at the court of Inca

Manco, seemed like a dream to him; like a dream rose at times to his mind the appointments and ceremonies of that little court, which in its fragmentary state had given him a glimpse of the former splendor of the Inca realm.

And then he would think and dream of Aclia. Aclia in all her youthful pride and beauty, as she had appeared to him in long past days, for he made no allowance for the changes which all these years would have effected in her were she still alive.

He himself was a prematurely old man, his hair was gray, his limbs stiff, and he was at last glad to settle in Lima as governmental secretary. Here he now expected to end his days. Sometimes he fancied that he would some day make the journey to Vilcabamba and revisit the scenes of his youthful dreams.

This would be no such difficult task now as when, nearly thirty years ago, he had pursued his solitary way along the unfamiliar mountain pass. Vilcabamba no longer had the charm of mystery for the Spaniards. They had succeeded many times in making their way there, but none of these explorers could give him any news of the princess, although he had made inquiries of more than one. If she were still living there, her existence

must be kept a secret. Spanish monks, among others, had gone there, and made attempts at converting the natives. They did succeed in establishing a Christian community and winning the young ruler, Sayri Tupac Yupanci for Christianity, but their success was not lasting, for the heathen priests succeeded in inciting the people against the Christians, and a true persecution was the result.

The Spaniards were driven out, heathendom was re-established in the valley, and since Inca Manco's death, a third Inca, Tupac Amaru, sat on the throne of his fathers in this secluded region, and proudly called himself the lawful ruler of the kingdom of the four suns.

In the provinces occupied by the Spaniards, many descendants of the Inca lived as chiefs. They ruled the land, subject, however, to Spanish authority, but in secret they paid allegiance to Tupac Amaru.

Then the "iron viceroy" came into authority over Peru. This was Francisco de Toledo. Upon entering into his power, he had firmly resolved to bring peace and order to the land, and believed that this could be accomplished only by annihilating the entire Inca family, for to these descendants of the "children of the sun" the Indians

still paid the old homage and reverence, bordering on adoration.

Francisco de Toledo formed a devilish plan for the destruction of the Incas. He summoned all the male members of the family to appear before him, and when thirty-nine obeyed his commands, he declared to them that they must change their places of residence, and designated to them for their future home lands which were notorious for their unhealthy climate and the prevalence of fevers.

The poor Incas obeyed the command, and at the end of a year Francisco de Toledo learned with secret joy that thirty-eight of the exiles had succumbed to the fevers.

Tupac Amaru alone did not bow before the sceptre of the iron viceroy. In vain did Francisco de Toledo seek to allure him from his lofty eyrie to Lima, by all manner of offers. He did not trust the Spaniard's promises, and remained in Vilcabamba.

But his power could in nowise be compared to that formerly possessed by Inca Manco. Cut off from the cultivated regions of Peru, bordering on the regions of primeval forests, with their savage, naked Indians, the prosperity of Vilcabamba rapidly declined, and Tupac Amaru was in reality a

petty Indian chief, who possessed treasures of considerable value indeed, but no real power.

When now the Spanish captain, Martin Garcia de Loyola, marched with two hundred and fifty soldiers against the secluded and remote valley, Tupac Amaru saw that all resistance would be useless, and sought to escape with his wife and children by one of the streams flowing through the valley.

But he was captured, and surrendered without making the slightest resistance.

The Spanish captain found a considerable amount of spoils, and among other valuable articles in gold brought the huge image of the sun, which was made of solid gold, to Cuzco, where Francisco de Toledo awaited him. At that time all Spaniards were deeply excited by the magnificent treasure in gold which a certain Don Garcia de Toledo had found in the burial-place of Chimu, and in which about five millions in gold of our present currency had been obtained. The happy finder was still increasing his wealth in this place, while paying to the government the required fifth part of all his findings. The Spaniards suspected that the Inca must possess even more valuable treasures which he had hidden, and of which his servants probably knew the hiding-places. The

Indians were, therefore, subjected to torture, but not one of them betrayed any news of the mythical imperial treasure, which is still sought for, even at the present day.

Inca Tupac Amaru was meanwhile accused of high treason, rebellion, robbery, the murder of Spanish settlers, and other crimes, and without a long process was sentenced to death. The Indian emperor appealed to the Spanish king, Philip the Second, and demanded that he should be sent to Spain to the king, but Francisco de Toledo ignored the wish of the condemned man. Then the Bishop of Cuzco and other clergy visited the Inca in prison, and persuaded him to be baptized. The Inca consented, and allowed them to give him the name of the king, "Felipe."

All the clergy, as well as the most distinguished Spanish inhabitants of Cuzco, now petitioned clemency for Don Felipe, Inca Tupac Amaru. But Francisco de Toledo remained unmoved. He barred the doors of his palace, placed a double guard before these doors, and gave them strict orders to allow no one to pass, under penalty of death. Meanwhile a scaffold was erected in the square before the palace, for the execution was to take place the following day.

The day of execution dawned. From all parts

of the land armed Indians had flocked to the old capital city, Cuzco. Their numbers were estimated at three hundred thousand, and so on the decisive day the square and streets were closely packed with men.

"A cord around his neck and riding upon a mule," so a historian of Peru relates, "the condemned man now advanced to his death. A herald proceeding before him announced to the assembled crowd that this traitor, robber, rebel, and enemy of the Spaniards, Tupac Amaru, upon command of the wise, just, and powerful viceroy Francisco de Toledo, was to be put to death by the sword.

"The Inca, who had not been able to master the Spanish language, asked one of the monks what that man was calling out in such a piercing voice. He was told. 'Do not lie,' he cried out to the herald; 'you, as well as the viceroy and all other Spaniards assembled here, know very well that I never planned treachery either against the king of Spain or his representatives. I am suffering death for crimes of which I am innocent, and the viceroy is having me murdered to please himself. I call Pachacamac, the creator of the world, to witness of my innocence.'

"Then the Indian women crowded around him

and cried: 'Tell your murderers to kill us instead of you. We will all gladly die for you.'

"But the men expressed their anger by a low threatening murmur, which spread more and more threateningly, like thunder, through the streets of Cuzco. Then the Spaniards feared the worst, and begged the condemned man to command his people to be silent. The Inca hesitated. Should he summon his people to fight? But it may have been clear to him that this attempt at resistance would but rob thousands of his subjects of their lives, wthout saving him and the old Inca realm. He therefore raised his right hand to a level with his shoulder, let it slowly sink again, and by this sign silenced the hundreds of thousands of natives there assembled. The mutterings as of thunder ceased at once; not an Indian after that so much as uttered a sound. A silence as of death brooded over the crowded square.

"Thus the condemned Inca once more showed what power his name and sacred person alone exercised upon the Indians.

"With a firm step the last Inca mounted the scaffold, and courageously received the death stroke from the hand of the Spanish executioner."

This happened in the year 1572.

Inca Tupac Amaru was the last of the crowned

Incas, and twentieth in the list of emperors of Peru. A descendant of the royal Indian family, one who could rightfully have wound the red *paitscha* around his forehead, was sent to Spain, and in this manner made harmless. The king made him knight of the order of Santiago; then the last heir to the throne was sent to a cloister, where he died quietly in the year 1610.

No one made any further attempt to re-establish the old Inca rule, and the miraculous bird *corekenke* no longer appeared at the edge of the desert of Vilcanota. But these persecutions made Amador's thoughts frequently dwell upon Aclia. He often wondered whether she were alive or dead, whether she knew of these last degradations which were heaped upon the royal family, and of their sufferings. Did she too share in this misery, or had death long since wrapped her in the sleep of oblivion? This latter conclusion was the most comforting to him, for he thought that her proud nature could ill bear the knowledge of her race's ruin.

XVIII.

After the death of Inca Tupac Amaru, the Spaniards continued the painful examination of the Indians regarding the Inca treasure. The governmental secretary, Amador de Calabrera, was forced to take an active part in these proceedings, so horrible to him.

One day he said to one of the judges: "Why do you continue your search for Inca treasures, which certainly are no longer at hand? I was at Vilcabamba at the time when the country was in the height of its prosperity, and when I make an estimate of the spoils which Don Loyola brought back with him, I am convinced that almost all the gold and silver of Vilcabamba has fallen into the hands of the Spaniards. Something else is to be sought in Vilcabamba, the key to the immeasurable treasures which are hidden in the mountains. There must be quicksilver mines there. I obtained gold amalgam there at Inca Manco's orders."

This speech of Amador came to the ears of the

iron viceroy. He summoned the knightly secretary to him, and asked for more exact particulars. "The torture of the Indians is comparatively fruitless," Amador de Calabrera concluded his report. "The Indians have had from ancient times a premonition of the secret powers of mercury, and the Incas have kept these secrets of the mines for themselves. But a very few of the common Indians have the slightest knowledge of these mines, and it is most certainly the innocent and ignorant who have been and are being tortured. But Princess Aclia must have known of this secret. If she is still alive, and if I could speak with her in Vilcabamba, she would surely confide the secret to me, now when there are no longer any Incas."

The viceroy agreed to this opinion, and Amador received leave of absence, and letters of recommendation to Spanish governors. On the very next day after his interview with Francisco de Toledo he packed his travelling knapsack, mounted the pony placed at his disposal, and slowly rode toward Vilcabamba. Who would have recognized in him the brave cavalryman of former years, the Apollo and Mars in one person? Ah well, thirty years of El Dorado hunting change men indeed!

So he who had forced his way through the al-

most impassable stretches of primeval forest along the Amazon River now rode comfortably along the broad turnpikes of the Incas, the *Caminos de los Incas*, as the Spaniards called them, the greatest monument which these emperors left to posterity, these roads which were greater than all the temples and palaces of Peru, and astonished not only the first explorers of Peru, but also were a source of admiration to later travellers such as Alexander von Humboldt.

Paved with hard tiles, bordered with great hewn stones, they ran for miles in one direction, straight as an arrow through the whole realm, climbed the high mountains, and were not lacking in shady, fragrant-blossomed trees—which had first been carefully planted—as well as refreshing springs and inns or places of shelter.

These roads always ran in one direction, leading over the steepest ascents, according to the Indian custom of never going around an obstacle. Galleries were excavated in the rocks for miles; steps hewn to descend to the bottom of abysses; deep, yawning chasms and swamps were filled up with solid masonry; mountain streams spanned partly by bridges of masonry, partly by suspension bridges.

These roads did not indeed always fulfil the re-

quirements which Europeans demand in an artificial road. In places, over sandy stretches and very rough ground, there was no road, the way being merely indicated by stakes. Where steps had been cut in descents these were often protected merely by piles of small stones at the sides; there were no banisters to facilitate ascent and descent, but merely dams to prevent earth slides. However, for old Peruvians who knew neither carriages nor draught animals, who made their journeys on foot, and whose burdens were carried upon the backs of men or the llamas, who were skilled in climbing, these roads were perfectly sufficient. Amador, however, who rode a pony, and whose limbs were not perfectly reliable, was of a different opinion. When he led his horse up and down steps he anathematized these wretched *Caminos de los Incas*, but when he came to a finely paved stretch of road, or rested in one of the inns, his heart was full of praise for the remarkable achievements of the Inca.

He passed many fortresses on the way. He had so often participated in attacks upon these fortresses, that he now felt no desire to visit them. What had those massive walls, the secret passages, availed their defenders? It is the spirit which conquers in the world's history.

After a long ride, Baron Amador reached the valley where was the old military settlement, Huamanca. But he had no acquaintances here now. So he went to the old Spanish graveyard near the church, and sought here for acquaintances, reading the inscriptions on crosses and tombstones. On one of the first which met his gaze he found a name well known to him, that of the old swordsman Alcan, who had allured him into the sunny gold land of Peru. He knelt down and prayed for the soul of his old comrade. Then he rose and pondered sadly upon old times.

The next morning he rode into the valley of Vilcabamba, but he did not choose the narrow pass by which, following upon Aclia's traces, he had first visited the valley, but one of the easy passes. The governor of Huamanca had given him several Spaniards as guides and companions, and had designated to him this easy road.

Peace ruled everywhere now; bridges were built over raging mountain streams, no passes were walled up, no barriers left standing, and nowhere did he catch a glimpse of an Inca warrior in his dazzling helmet.

From the highest point of the pass Amador looked down into the valley. The scene had not changed; the same snow-capped mountains sur-

rounded the valley like sentinels, the brooks and rivers still sent up mists, and the same sun illuminated the landscape. Nothing betrayed to the observer from a distance that deep down there in the valley the jewel-decked sun of the Incas had disappeared forever.

Amador rode on, but the deeper he descended the more distinct became the traces of decay. The streets were badly kept, the post houses of the *tschascis* stood empty; in the fields, where once had flourished maize and cinoa, grew weeds; in the villages the huts had fallen, the inhabitants had dwindled to a tenth of the former number.

He reached the last capital city of the Incas. The temple, the palace, the cloister of the sun maidens were still standing. The imperial pleasure gardens were green as ever, and the golden garden of the gods was still there, but the silver animals, the golden figures, the costly bushes and shrubs made of precious metals were gone, the buildings robbed of their ornaments, the cloister of the sun maidens empty. The consecrated field which the Inca had been accustomed to work in with his golden spade remained this year unplanted. Weeds grew luxuriantly in it.

In the city and villages a few shy, distrustful inhabitants remained. They gave the Spaniards

but hesitating replies, as the latter inquired concerning events of long past times.

"How did Inca Manco die? How was Inca Condor buried?"

The older Indians after some hesitation, gave the desired information.

"And did you know Aclia, Inca Manco's favorite sister?"

Who among the Indians did not know the guardian of Inca Manco's mummy? But they all gave the Spaniards evasive answers. She had kept guard in the temple until the Spaniards, under Don Loyola, came into the land. Then she too, like so many others, had disappeared; perhaps she is dead.

"She fled into the valleys of Marañon," said another, and he and his companions smiled mockingly as Amador turned his back on them and prepared really to visit the wretched villages of the Marañon valley, there to seek Aclia.

His efforts were vain; nowhere did they come upon a trace of Aclia; but that she was not dead Amador felt very certain; the looks and faces of the Indians whom he questioned betrayed this to him, and he pardoned them for being silent. In their opinion, what could a Spaniard want of the proud daughter of the great Inca, Huayna Capac?

Did these Spaniards wish to drag her also to the capital city, there to torture her, to behead her, or perhaps send her to live in the fever district, so that she might follow the other members of her royal family to the grave?

The more Amador dwelt upon the subject in his own mind, the clearer did the reason why Aclia's hiding-place was surrounded by the Indians with such secrecy become to him. And Amador also did indeed know to what fate he would deliver the unfortunate princess should he discover her dwelling-place. What his countrymen would do to her should she know nothing, or be unwilling to betray her knowledge of the cinnabar mines, he could only too easily guess.

His only object in betraying to the Spanish governor his knowledge of the cinnabar mines which he was convinced must lie in or near the valley of Vilcabamba, had been the hope that by this he would turn their thoughts in another direction, divert the greed for gold to another channel, and thus cause them to cease their torturing and persecuting of the unfortunate Indians. He hoped that for this reason he might induce Aclia, should he really find her living, to disclose the site of these mines. But should he discover her whereabouts, but find her unwilling to give him the information

desired, he had resolved to stake everything, his life, his honor itself—yes, be branded as a traitor, rather than deliver her into the hands of the Spaniards.

While Amador therefore continued his investigations, the other Spaniards, grown weary of the search, passed their time in pillaging the temple and breaking open the tombs. There was still a remnant of past magnificence in Vilcabamba; all the gold and silver had not been carried off even yet, and this remnant was not so insignificant but that it rewarded their efforts.

Finally, however, Amador lost all hope of finding Aclia, or even learning definitely whether she were dead or alive. Seeing his companions occupied thus, he resolved, before leaving the valley of Vilcabamba, to visit once more the places connected with his youthful recollections. He resolved to go to the cave by way of that pass once so vainly sought, the cave to which he had carried Aclia after rescuing her from the snow-drift, the cave where their vows of love had been exchanged, and where he had received that message from her, that embroidered scarf which in all these years had never left his possession.

"I think of taking a little walk into the mountains, comrades," said he early one morning, as

they sat at breakfast. "I will be back to-morrow." The Spaniards nodded a careless assent; it mattered little to them where this grave, silent fellow went or what he did, so long as he left them unmolested in their search for treasures. So after putting a supply of food in his knapsack Amador set out, staff in hand, along the former post road for the guard-house in the ravine, without being questioned by any of his comrades as to the purpose of this solitary stroll. Indeed it is doubtful if any one of them gave him further thought after he had disappeared from sight.

The guard-house in the ravine had been deserted before Tupac Amaru had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards. Amador, therefore, walked along a road which was overgrown with tall grass. But he found the right direction, and finally once more stood before the guard-house, and entered the rooms in which, firmly bound, he had once thought his life was about to end, only in the midst of his despair to hear, with a joyous flutter of his heart, the thundering cry, "Santiago!"

He entered the house through the broken doorway, and, resting upon one of the stone benches, ate some lunch. Since the roomy guard-house had been deserted by man it had become a shelter for animals. It had gradually become a den, in-

habited by the different representatives of the animal world. On the ground crept all kinds of worms and insects, lizards hurried across from one side to another. They hastened to their hiding-places when Amador moved, such a great creature in these rooms! The active little creatures had never witnessed anything of the sort before in their short lives. Close up under the roof various birds had built their nests and bats hung. In the corners huge spiders had woven their webs. Only the green world of plants surrounded the deserted human habitation, only a few mouldy mushrooms peeped out of the crevices and crannies of the earth floor once so cleanly swept.

Amador did not long tarry in this melancholy spot, he hurried out into the open air. There before the door, upon a slight elevation, still lay the well-arranged wood-pile which the last *tschasci* had piled up according to directions, before he was called away from his post. But the wood was mouldy, and ivy and all sorts of wild vines climbed up over the pile.

Yonder stood a shed with old supplies of wood. In this airy structure Amador resolved to pass the night before setting out on his long walk to the cave.

Dawn of the next day found him already on the

road through the ravine which on that day, so many years ago, he had defended as the defeated Spanish army slowly retreated through it. He thought of Inca Condor; to-day he could not hate him as he had then. The young soldier had been right not to trust the Spaniards. The sad fate of the last Inca proved this.

Finally, after a wearisome march, which at his present age and with his weakened strength he could not accomplish as briskly as he would have thirty years before, leading over steep ascents and near dangerous precipices as the way did, Amador reached the sloping side of the mountain where the cave must be. He was surprised that he found the path so easily, and it seemed to him as if he were bewitched—or was it but the power of memory which guided him?

He glanced up at a sudden turn of the path he was now following, and there, not many yards distant, stood a vicuña. The animal eyed him, and remained quietly standing there. Usually the vicuñas were shy as chamois. He came nearer; the animal did not run, it came to meet him. Amador could scarcely comprehend this confidence, but he had not been mistaken—it was no tamed llama, it was a genuine vicuña. The animal stood still and let the wanderer approach it. It had a

red cord around its neck—red, the color of the Inca! It allowed Amador to stroke it. Who could have tamed the animal in this wilderness?

Could any one dwell in the cave? Amador's heart beat uneasily. Could any one have taken refuge in this cave?

The vicuña now led the way. Amador followed it. He came to where two paths crossed, and the animal did indeed take the path which led to the cave. Some one evidently then lived in the cave, and had tamed the vicuña.

A few moments more, and Amador stood before the entrance of the cave. He entered, but paused on the threshold as though paralyzed. What a sight met his gaze!

There in the background sat two black mummies in golden chairs, their feet resting upon golden platforms. Little plates of gold covered their eyes, faded imperial robes covered their bodies. These were the mummies of Inca Manco and Condor, which had been brought here, and before them, stretched out upon a simple bed of blankets, lay a pale, thin woman.

She opened her eyes and stared at the stranger who had appeared so unexpectedly in the hiding-place where rested the mortal remains of the two former emperors. Amador in turn also stared at

the woman. His heart told him that this must be Aclia, but his eyes could not recognize her. Was this haggard old woman, her face furrowed with wrinkles, with the ghastly pale skin, the dim eyes, the dishevelled hair thickly streaked with gray, the lovely Indian princess? Could this be indeed Aclia, whom he had last seen, ah, so many years ago, in all the splendor of her youth and beauty, upon that day when he had openly contested Inca Condor's right to her hand. Had he ever forgotten the look her face had worn that day, when judges and emperor alike had decided that she need never be the wife of her hated suitor?

Aclia also on her part, for the woman was indeed the Princess Aclia, could not recognize in the stranger, this wanderer gray with age, the gay cavalryman of her youth. She trembled, for the man appeared to her a robber who had come to rob the mummies whom she guarded so faithfully.

He saw the terror in her eyes, and coming forward said gently: "Aclia, do you not recognize me? I am Amador de Calabrera, who rescued you years ago from the icy storm, and brought you into this cave."

Then the thin form raised itself from the ground, for Aclia recognized Amador by the sound of his voice. She held out her hand to him, and

said: "I knew that I should see you once again. God has made my last hours happy."

"Aclia," he cried, "what are you doing here, far from your fellow-men? Stand up, leave the company of the dead, and come back to Vilcabamba."

She shook her head and replied: "I have vowed to serve these two until the end of my life. I have saved them from the greed of men, and will die here. Ah, Amador! perhaps Condor was right when he called me a traitress. Perhaps I did love you too much, and my country, my people, too little, and yet—At least I have saved these two of our royal family from falling into the hands of their enemies. Do they know it now, and are they happier for the knowledge, I wonder?" Her voice died away, and she seemed gazing into space, almost unconscious of Amador's presence.

"Did my people betray me? Did the Indians show you the way here?" she asked, suddenly rousing herself, and turning to him.

"No one betrayed you, Aclia," replied Amador. "No one seemed to know, or rather no one would acknowledge that he knew, where you were to be found. Following the dictates of my heart I came here to take leave of this place, with which so many dear recollections are bound up. Ah, and must I find you so miserable, Aclia?"

"Then not greed but love brought you here?" asked Aclia softly.

"My heart alone assuredly showed me the way here," cried Amador, laying his hand on his heart.

"Then you shall receive a reward from the dying," replied Aclia. "I know why you came to Vilcabamba. The Indians who visit me each week told me. You seek the mines of the red paint. I will tell you where they are to be found, so that you may not return empty-handed to your viceroy, the murderer of my race. A thousand paces below this cave, as you descend into the valley of Huamanca, you will find a ravine, the sides of which are so precipitous that no one could descend them without making use of a rope. Let yourself down in this way, and the red paint will lie before you. And now, Amador," she continued, clasping his hand, "we dreamed of a better future in our young days; the hatred of man came between us. The lesson of patient endurance, which I learned from your belief, I have announced to my people as the wisdom of the dead. I have consoled thousands of oppressed and unhappy beings, and I die believing on Him who taught us to pardon and love our enemies. He is the true God of all mankind—"

"Aclia, Aclia, you shall not die, you must not. Come away from this gloomy cave."

She shook her head again, and murmured: "It is better so. My poor people, how few are left!"

"Why did you send me no sign, no message, in all the months that I waited and hoped, Aclia?" cried Amador, with a sudden burst of remembrance. "Ah, did you not know that I would wait and hope, but I could not come to you? How many, many times I came to this cave, hoping against hope, until I despaired, and set out I cared not whither, to meet I cared not what fate."

Aclia gazed at him with something of the old tender look.

"Yes, I thought you would wait, Amador, but it could not be as we had hoped. I deliberated for a long time; it was not without a struggle that my resolution was taken, but my people needed me. Plainer and plainer it came to me that my first duty was to them. Who can tell how much misery might have been averted had I been willing to become Inca Condor's wife? Indirectly, I was the cause, however innocently, of much of their distress, of the terrible civil strife. Ah no! I could not flee from them, and I feel that I have accomplished some good among them. We shall meet again, dear Amador, in a better world, where there is no hatred, no bloodshed. When my

nephew Tupac Amaru was so cruelly and unjustly put to death by your people, Amador—nay, do not think I associate you with that treacherous deed—but, as I say, when that happened, my last hold on this life snapped. Ah, what could I do for my unfortunate people by living now? We are doomed. One after another of our royal family has met his death by fair means or foul, until now there is no one in all this broad land who can rightfully proclaim himself Inca. I am the last of my family, and my days too are numbered."

"Aclia, Aclia, let me take you away from this place. Far, far away from the cities where my people dwell, let me find a secluded corner where you may forget your sorrows, and your life may be prolonged. I too am alone in this world, and have neither friends nor kin. I have lived an isolated life even in the midst of a city. Only come away with me from this gloomy cave. Surely it is not yet too late."

Aclia gazed at him with a look of mingled sadness and tenderness, but shook her head.

"No, dear Amador, it is indeed too late. Too late to be to each other what we might have been had not the greed and ambition of men come between us. I feel that I have not many moments

more to live," she continued, her voice growing more and more faint. "Let us pray to our God together, Amador."

She drew a crucifix from her bosom, and gazed at it tenderly.

Deeply moved, Amador knelt down beside her, and with great sorrow he perceived that the dying woman's eyes were growing more and more dim.

In a soft voice he said the prayer for the dying. Then he was silent. Aclia no longer breathed, and gently he closed her eyes.

He rose and looked about the gloomy cave. The forms of the Incas sat there silent and motionless on their golden chairs. Their guardian, silent now forever in this life, lay at their feet. The vicuña had disappeared, it had sprung from rock to rock to the nearest meadow land; only the murmur of the spring interrupted the death-like stillness of the cave, and this murmur seemed to tell Amador how vain were earthly hopes and plans.

He gave one more long glance at the dead Inez-Aclia, whose stiff hands still clasped the crucifix. He spread a cloth over the face of the dead, and left the cave, turning his steps to Vilcabamba, there to arrange for a Christian burial of the Christian.

DEATH OF AKLJA THE CHRISTIAN.

His Spanish comrades in Vilcabamba gladly declared themselves ready to go to the cave to carry the body down to the valley.

The body!—no, the bodies, they said, for such a cave in the wild, desolate mountains was no suitable tomb for imperial mummies. They laughed among themselves at the sentimentality of the foolish old secretary, Calabrera, and mentally calculated how many ducats the golden chairs might be worth.

The party set out for the cave without Indian escorts, with two llamas trained to carry burdens.

Here they found, with the dead, the tame vicuña, and they were astonished at the weight of the golden chairs and little platforms.

"Friend Amador," said they, "we cannot load the ornaments of these Incas upon one llama, we need both for that. Let us leave the dead here for the present, and we will fetch them away later. They will always be safe here whenever we come to get them, but the golden Inca trappings might be carried away by the Indians."

Amador's lips trembled with angry excitement, but he made no reply. His eyes fell upon the tame vicuña; he fastened a cord to the animal's neck, placed upon its back the mortal remains of Aclia, and lo and behold! the animal followed

him, and he silently left the cave, without noticing his rough companions' cries of approbation.

The Spaniards left behind in the cave, when they were alone, tore the mummies ruthlessly from their golden seats, robbed the bodies of their ornaments, yes, even tore the thin golden scales from their eyes, and packed these ornaments, as well as the chairs and platforms, upon the llamas, while they followed Amador in great satisfaction, he having taken the direction down the valley to Huamanca.

"A strange fellow, this Baron Amador de Calabrera," said they among themselves, "who would leave such a magnificent find there in that cave! What would Francisco de Toledo say if we were to tell him that we had given the Indian woman Christian burial, but left the golden thrones of the Incas in the cave?"

The Spaniards, however, did not understand how to drive the heavily loaded llamas. The descent proved unusually difficult, and when the little band came to the steep part where, in his day, Inca Condor had fallen down exhausted, the animals became timid and uneasy. The Spaniards tried to encourage them with blows, but this had the opposite effect. The llamas became wild; no one could hold them back at this steep part of the

descent, without running the risk of being plunged into the abyss yawning at the side. The animals broke loose, and fled into the mountains. In vain did the Spaniards give them chase. Soon the skilful climbers, together with their costly burdens, disappeared behind high rocks over which no man could find his way, and the disappointed Spaniards were forced to descend to Huamanca minus their booty. Even the spoils of gold which they had gathered from the tombs of Vilcabamba were gone, and no traces could be found of them. During their absence in the cave, the Indians had probably carried them by secret paths into the mountains. Nothing was ever seen of the two thrones of the dead Incas, nor of the golden ornaments, although the Spaniards spent some little time in further search.

The cinnabar mines whose site Aclia had disclosed to Amador were soon visited and opened. They proved rich indeed, and are known to the present day by the name of the mines of Huancavilla. Their opening caused a rapid increase in silver mining, and brought large numbers of emigrants to Peru; but the discoverer of the mines, Amador de Calabrera, took no part in this active business. He laid no claim to any of the wealth which flowed into the pockets of the prospectors.

He retired from all active life, and with his small savings built himself a little house near the church of Huancavilla, in the graveyard of which was buried, near his old comrade Alcan, the once so lovely princess Aclia. Her last resting-place was marked only by a small white cross, but her grave was always carefully tended and adorned with fresh flowers.

Here Amador lived to a good old age, a gentle, quiet old man, respected by all his neighbors, and beloved by the children whom he always welcomed to his little house. When finally the last hour of life came for him, he was buried at his request beside the Indian Aclia-Inez, and the white scarf, which he had kept through all these years, was buried with him. His story had been partly guessed, partly learned, and for many years the two graves were pointed out to strangers, and an account, in part true, was given them of the faithful love of the old Spanish gentleman for the Indian princess, who, rumor said, had been beautiful as the day.

THE END.

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